MY TRAVELS IN NORTH WEST RHODESIA

REV. G. E. BUTT

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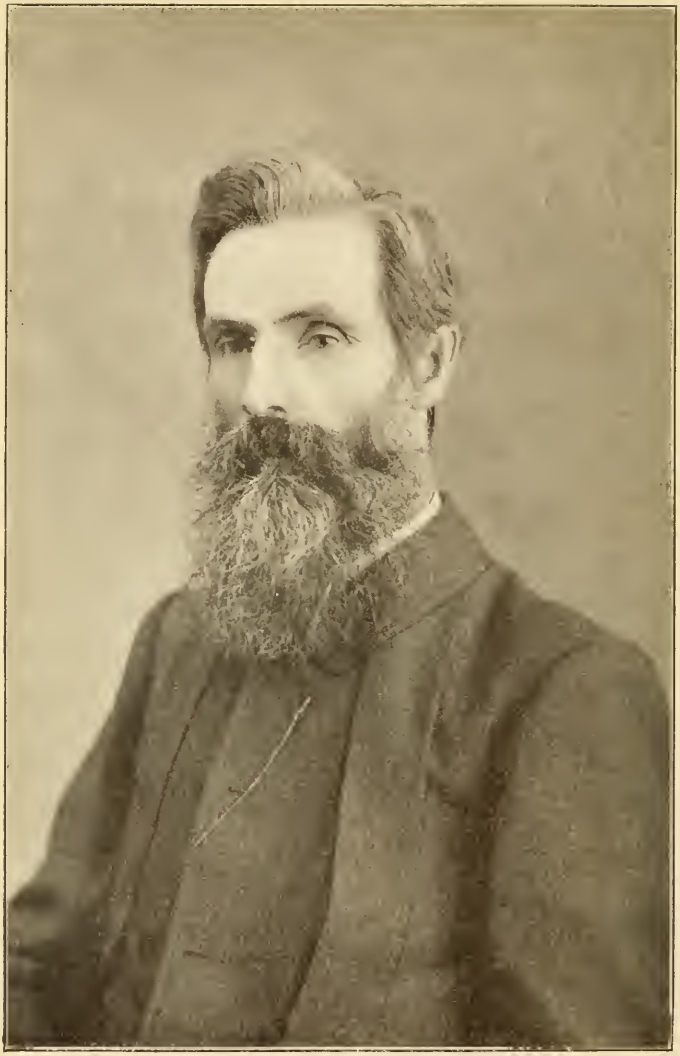

G. E. BUTT.

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MY TRAVELS IN NORTH WEST RHODESIA

OR A MISSIONARY JOURNEY OF SIXTEEN THOUSAND MILES

BY

THE REV. G. E. BUTT

Eighteen Years Missionary in South Africa

PRESIDENT OF THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONFERENCE, 1905

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INTRODUCTION.

IT will be known to many of my readers that I spent about eighteen years on our South African Mission. That Mission was seventeen years old when I went to it; and it was felt the time had come when we should be training our own native workers. It was known to the Home Committee that I had a technical training before coming into the ministry; and as they wished the Training School at Aliwal North to be conducted on industrial lines, they called me to undertake the work.

At this time plans for our new Mission north of the Zambesi were being matured. And it was hoped our new departure at Aliwal would result in finding native workers for that Mission. We began in a small way with only four pupils. But the numbers soon increased. Our aim was to produce self-helpful teaching-evangelists; young men who would be able not only to teach a school, lead a class, and preach; but assist also in the industrial work of the Mission, even to the extent of building

their own house. The students, therefore, were prepared for the teachers' examination under the Cape Government; they received careful Scripture instruction and lessons in elementary sermonising; and their afternoons were spent in learning brick-making, carpentry and the various branches of building. This gave them their handiness, and with what results will be seen in some of the following chapters.

At first it was very difficult to get students willing to go to the Zambesi. The country seemed far away and strange to them, and, indeed, dangerous. Later developments in Africa have been so great and rapid that it is already difficult to realise how distant the Zambesi seemed at the time of which I write. It took our first Mission party eleven months to make the journey in their ox-waggons. I recently covered the same ground in a train de luxe in a less number of days. But gradually their missionary zeal prevailed, and first one, and then another offered himself for the work. Having thus been associated with the training of the men, I could not be indifferent to their work.

But I had a further ground of interest in our

South Central Missions. The European Missionaries usually spent a time at Aliwal North before going forward to the scene of their work. The first party spent six months with us; the next was with us during the whole period of the Boer war; for just as they were ready to go forward the war broke out, and all the roads were closed. Some of them came to us on furlough. So we not only got to know the men but their work also.

We could not, therefore, help feeling a great interest in our Zambesi Mission; and had we been a few years younger we should have offered ourselves for work there. But failing this we conceived a great desire to visit the country; and often told both Europeans and natives that we should surely come some day and see them at their work.

My hands were too full of service while in charge of Aliwal Mission, to admit of any holidays, excepting when I came home on furlough. I had, therefore, to wait for the realisation of my desire until the time had come to retire from the work in Africa. And even then, the calls at home held me for three years without a break. But the time came at last, and I started on my great holiday with

an eagerness it would be hard for a school boy to beat.

Writing a book on my journey had never entered my thoughts. I have a somewhat wide circle of friends, Missionary and other, and I decided to write copious notes of my journey from day to day, and send them home as a circular letter. But by the time I reached Broken Hill I began to realise that I should be able to give information concerning the country, the people and our work, that would help the Missionary interest at home. Henceforth I wrote with that end in view. As the form will indicate, the paragraphs were written from day to day; while the objects described were before my eyes; and the views set forth were warm in my thoughts. Only revision has been done since returning home.

I offer no apology for writing chiefly from the point of view of a Missionary. I could do no other. Mine has been a Missionary life. It was a Missionary journey I undertook; and in publishing this book my motive is Missionary.

The pictures in the first three chapters are lent by the White Star Co., the British South African Co., and my friend Mr. Willoughby,

of the Tiger's Kloof Institution; to all of whom I tender my best thanks. I am indebted for the remaining pictures to Mr. Kerswell and Mr. Price who, together with their wives, did so much to make my journey both a pleasure and a success. I must also mention the great courtesy of the Government officials. I visited four Government Camps, and was made to feel at home at each, and received assistance that money could not have purchased.

THE "PERSIC."

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CHAPTER I.

Liverpool to Cape Town.

ON Thursday, July 2nd, 1908, I left Liverpool in the good ship "Persic" for my long projected journey to South Central Africa. The pier-head presented a picture full of movement and interest. Leave-taking is not a pleasant exercise—the last few moments reaching near to agony. This will be my seventh time across the Atlantic. It has always been kind to me. I have never missed a meal. The "Persic" is a fine and steady ship. We are settling to the voyage splendidly.

Sunday, July 5.

A lovely morning—quiet, bright, and just warm enough to be pleasant. The passengers are dressed in their best—some of the men even have their top hats on. What the sailors are obliged to do in working the ship is done in a more subdued way than on other days. There was a large gathering at morning service; and in the evening we had sacred singing in the library.

A fortnight on board ship, with many people

you have never seen before, is a good opportunity for the study of human nature. And it is not long before they begin to classify themselves. The more studious exchange books and papers; and this is often followed by the exchange of views on men and things. Others are after fun and sport. Drink and gambling get more and more in evidence as the days go by, and the restraints of strangeness wear away.

The entertainments included many things. We had several evening concerts—one on deck—but beyond three or four fine voices there was nothing remarkable. Cricket matches are being played most days. English v. Colonials, Married v. Single, and so on. And they really do seem to get a lot of fun out of it.

Tuesday, July 7.

This evening we passed near the Canary Islands, which was our first sight of land since leaving our own shores. We were too far off to see very distinctly, and the atmosphere was rather hazy. The Peak of Teneriffe seemed to rise majestically out of the sea. We could only see the general out-line; our glasses even failed to show us the snow-clad top.

A considerable section of our little company seems to depend on dances for any pleasure they are to find during the voyage. It is easy to give them facilities, as there is a good band on board.

Thursday, July 9.

We are having delightful weather, and we are making good even running each day—varying from 320 to 326 miles each 24 hours.

Even the ladies have had a cricket match with the men to-day; but the latter can only use their left hand. It afforded much amusement. Then there was a pillow fight. This is great fun. The method is very simple. The combatants sit on a pole facing each other. Each is supplied with a pillow, and they belabour each other till one loses his seat. Beds are placed under the pole to break the fall. There were many other events; but I only saw the above two, as a little of this kind of thing is enough for me.

Friday, July 10.

We are well in the Tropics. My cabin companion this morning complained very much of the heat, and wanted me to join him.

But I had to report a good night's rest. Two things are in my favour—he is very stout, and you know how I am; and then I have the top berth, which is the more airy. There is a little labour in reaching it, but to a light weight like myself this is nothing.

I was up early this morning, and went on the highest deck to enjoy the cool breeze. The heavens were a little over-cast, the sun not yet being able to break through. Far away beyond the general sky-line the sun was shining behind the clouds; and for about a mile wide illumined the waters for a long distance beyond. It was like a broad path of light along which the play of the sun could be seen on the rising and falling waves, making the movement of the sea a wonderful revelation of shade and colour.

Tuesday, July 14.

As far as the sports are concerned, the great event of the voyage took place to-day. The great Trial of Neptune. This was new to me. They do not have it on the mail ships; and some of the Captains on this line do not allow it. But ours gave permission under certain restrictions, the chief of which was

FOUR-BERTH CABIN.

THE DINING ROOM.

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that all who took their trial should be volunteers. This is the idea :—King Neptune holds a court for the punishment of offenders. There is a public prosecutor, police, and imaginary charges are prepared against the prisoners. The sentences vary. The heaviest included to be shaven and dropped into the tank. The barber was furnished with a huge wooden razor. He had many assistants, one of whom did the lathering by means of a bucket and white-wash brush. Then, at the end, all who had taken part in the trial were raided by the prisoners, and had to face the tank. It caused great amusement.

A number of things on this voyage are quite new to me. There is only one class. We do not all pay alike; the cabins are classified, and that governs the pay. But this is the only difference; there is only one table. The food is abundant, and in great variety, and well cooked. The serving could be improved.

Friday, July 17.

This evening, what, to the ladies, is the event of the voyage, took place—a fancy-dress ball. According to report it was a great success. But I had heard enough about it previously to

sicken me; so I retired to the library and had a good read.

Tuesday, July 21.

We have now reached our last complete day on the ship. The weather has been lovely, and the ship the steadiest I have ever been on. To-night we shall pass near where we were wrecked when coming home during the Boer War.

Wednesday, July 22.

Most of us were on deck soon enough to see the sun rise. It was a glorious sight. There was a high range of mountains running in a line with the coast, and the sun came up from behind them. The sea was quiet. The heavens were bright. The gradually increasing light gave us a revelation of beauty never to be forgotten. Table Mountain seemed to emerge from the sea in all its impressive grandeur of size, shape, and shade; and when a closer view brought out the details of the scene the picture was complete; for we could see the city itself extending along the base of the mountain as though supplicating its protection. The view was worth the 6,000 miles we had voyaged to see it. The exclamations

READING ROOM.

LOOKING AFT.

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of those who saw it for the first time were full of grateful surprise.

By 9 o'clock all was ready for landing. These Australian liners do not enter the dock. When it is rough the passengers are slung over the sides of the ship in a basket, which is more exciting than comfortable. To-day we were able to pass quietly down the ladder to the tug.

Mr. and Mrs. Legg kindly entertained me during my stay in Cape Town. Mrs. Legg is daughter of my old steward and friend, Mr. Knight, of Aliwal. Mr. Legg was able to help me in preparing for my up-country journey.

CHAPTER II.

Cape Town to Bulawayo.

Friday, July 24.

LEFT Sea Point for town shortly after breakfast, as I had to arrange to get my things to the station, and make a few fresh purchases for the journey. Called on my old friend Col. Crewe. I expect to see him again at Christmas at Aliwal. He was Colonial Secretary in the late Progressive Government, and is now one of the Leaders of the Opposition. He gave me a letter of introduction to the Secretary of the Chartered Company at Bulawayo. It is likely to be of great service to me.

At 11.30 I said good-bye to my friend Legg and our train steamed out of Cape Town for the North. The first part of the journey was through vine-yards,—what is called the wine-farming district, but by bed time we had reached a part of the country which is very bare both of trees and grass.

Mr. Legg was able to render me a great service just at the last. I was put into a compartment with four others. When Mr. Legg

TIGER'S KLOOF : PRINCIPAL'S HOUSE.

To face page 12.

saw this he went and spoke to the conductor. He pleaded my age and the length of my journey, and not in vain, for he secured a small compartment for me that, when filled, only holds three, and I am likely to have it all to myself. There is a nice little table in it, and I am able to write with as much comfort as though in my own study, always, of course, excepting the motions of the train.

Saturday, July 25.

I had a good night in the train. After a wash and good breakfast, felt fit for a good read and some writing. The weather is delightful, not a cloud to be seen. The nights and mornings, however, are rather cold. It is winter, but to those who have never been here before, it is a brilliant summer.

We have a long heavy train, and have been losing time. We are now running 90 minutes late, and I fear it may be more before we reach Kimberley, where we are due at 6.20 to-night.

There is a good bit of novelty in train travel in South Africa. It is a single track, and the line keeps to the surface of the country, going up hill and down, like ordinary

roads. It is a narrow gauge, and the curves are very sharp. The coaches are put on the wheels like the tram cars at home. This secures that the curves are taken with ease and safety. There are no separate sleeping coaches, but each compartment is fitted up to sleep four persons. The seat on either side draws out, forming two good beds; and a part of the back above each seat lifts up; thus forming two other beds. The fast through trains, called fast because they run less slowly than other trains, are furnished with a kitchen and dining car; and you can be supplied with good food at moderate charges, when all things are considered. The attendance is very good, and the officials are obliging. The comfort of a journey compares favourably with home travel; we say nothing of the speed.

We came up the Hex River Mountain early this morning. We had two powerful engines —one in front and one behind. This is safer than both in front, because if any of the couplings broke it would prevent a terrible accident. It is 2,400 feet above the sea; and the gradient in some places is so steep that the two engines could only reach a walking speed. It would be difficult to say how many

times we described the letter S. The maze of peaks was very wonderful to look upon; and shortly after we reached the top the sun began to rise from behind one of the spurs. For a long time the vast plains appeared oppressed with shadow, while the lofty peaks were bathed in sunshine. We had an artist on board the ship and I wished he could have seen the vast expanse of light and shade.

We reached Kimberley safely in the evening, where I had to change. This town is in a bad way. Retrenchment at the mines has been the order of the day for some time, and now they are closing down. I had a talk with a gentleman who boarded the train here, and seemed to know a good bit about the unsoundness of business in Kimberley. I asked him, amongst other things, if he really thought De Beers would close down for any length of time, or if they were only trying to bluff the Government. He quite thinks it is a duel between the Government and the Company, and is intended to secure better terms for the latter.

Sunday, July 26.

Reached Vryburg this morning at 4 o'clock, an hour late. The station is a mile from the

town and 7 miles from Tigers Kloof, the place I was wanting to visit. It was very dark, and bitterly cold, so I took the hotel trap and, getting into a comfortable bed when the town clock struck 5, I slept till 9.30, and then got a good breakfast and enquired what churches were in the town. There is no Methodist Church but there is a Congregational. It is near the hotel. The Rev. Mr. Heath is the Minister. He hails from the Midlands, and has a brother a local preacher with us in the old land. He invited me to take the service, but as I was still tired, I stipulated that he should take the first part of the service, then I preached and pronounced the Benediction. Nothing would do but I must go home with him. I did not need much persuasion, as I dislike hotels, especially on Sundays. It was in my plan to go out to Tigers Kloof in the afternoon at 4 o'clock by train, but after dinner one of Mr. Heath's laymen, a leading merchant in the town, came in and offered to put me up till morning and then drive me out. This was arranged and later he suggested that Mr. and Mrs. Heath should go out with me for a drive. Mr. Heath invited me to preach in the evening, but I asked to be excused as

I was feeling very tired. He therefore went to get ready for the service, and I had a good sleep. After a cup of tea I was much refreshed. I went down to the hotel to get my overcoat and pay my account, and in the street I met the Wesleyan native minister, for the Wesleyans, I found, have a native church here. He knew me years ago at Aliwal, when he was working with the Wesleyans in the Herschal District, and I could remember him after we had conversed a little. He pressed me to preach at the evening service. I could not refuse, as it is over three years since I was in a native service. He called for me after supper, and I went out to the native town, a mile and a half. It was a delightful service. Their simple devotion, beautiful singing, and deep attention were like a spiritual breeze from the old Aliwal days. I got back soon enough to hear Mr. Heath's sermon.

Monday, July 27.

We had a beautiful drive out to Tigers Kloof. Here a very fine Training School is being built up. It belongs to the London Missionary Society, and is in charge of my old friend the Rev. Mr. Willoughby, who, it will

be remembered, was King Khami's Missionary and accompanied him to England, and was his friend and interpreter. Mr. Willoughby is not only an experienced Missionary, but a well-read cultured gentleman, and he is rendering a very important service to his Society in putting the top stone to the work begun by Livingstone and Moffat.

I heard from the native Minister of Vryburg that two of our own old students are in the neighbourhood, one is a Wesleyan Minister; and the other, I am sorry to say, is a Minister of the Ethiopian Church in Vryburg itself. Had I known this earlier, I should have called on him.

Tuesday, July 28.

I have been much interested in going over the Institution. It is being developed much on our own lines at Aliwal, only is more extensive. It is religious, educational and industrial. The aim is to produce workers who shall be able to help and improve the people in the whole scope of their life.

The Rev. Mr. Lowe, Wesleyan Minister of Johannesburg, called to-day on his way down from the Falls, where he has attended a meeting of Missionaries on behalf of the

TIGER'S KLOOF : BRICK-MAKING. *To face page* 20.

Bible Society, in whose interests he is at present working by permission of his Conference. He expressed his regret that our Missions were not represented at the Conference. I was able to tell him what Messrs. Smith and Chapman had done in the work of translation and what his Society (the British and Foreign Bible Society) had done for us in printing the Gospel of Mark. It was news he was glad to hear. I met Mr. Lowe some years since in Johannesburg, and it was a pleasure to meet him again and spend a day together at Tigers Kloof.

Wednesday, July 29.

Took prayers this morning in the Institution and gave a brief exposition of the parable of the sower.

Made a more extended survey of the work of the Institution than I was able to do yesterday. They have about 50 in residence—only half the number of last year. This is the result of trade depression, especially De Beers retrenchments. It has made many thousands of pounds difference in the spending power of the natives in this district. And then, they have to contend with another difficulty, which, I fear, will take much time

to remove—the low educational status of their students when they enter school. The L.M.S. have not made education a strong point in their work in this country, hence the great backwardness of their people. The Institution has been at work four years and they only have one pupil teacher at present. They are really doing the work of an elementary school, because they cannot get students sufficiently advanced to put forward in the teachers' course.

So far as buildings are concerned, Mr. Willoughby has started with elaborate and complete plans and is putting them up in sections as he has time and means. He has half the class-rooms up, a little more than half the dormitories, and the carpenter's shop is completed and furnished with a steam saw and cutter. He is now building a very fine dining hall and principal's house. He has both plan and funds for teachers' quarters. The walls are of stone and brick—very substantial, and the whole, when finished, will have a noble appearance. May the work greatly prosper and prove in every way worthy of the noble men who laid the foundations of Christ's Kingdom in Bechuanaland.

Here also I found our own church much represented. The office work is in the hands of Mr. Willoughby, Junr., one of our local preachers from Redruth, and Mr. Gillender, the Head-master, is a son of the Rev. R. Gillender, the Superintendent of our Lymm Circuit. He is a very efficient local preacher, and deeply interested in mission work. The Principal thinks himself very fortunate in having such an excellent head-master. I took tea with them (he is just married) this afternoon. At present they occupy a little house of three rooms, which only need the roses and woodbine to secure the ideal of "love in a cottage," but they have a much more elaborate house looming in the near future.

Thursday, July 30.

Tigers Kloof is a siding. My train was due to leave this morning at 2.7. The guest room —a one roomed detached house near the railway is fitted with a wood stove. My host kindly had the fire lit and a supply of wood laid in in case the train should be late. This proved a pleasant precaution, for the train was 90 minutes late. I had a clock in the

room timed to run down at 1.15. I was therefore able to sleep till the last minute. It was my wish quietly to leave at such an unearthly hour without breaking anyone's rest, but Mr. Gillender would insist on seeing the Ex-president off "in due form," as he expressed it, so I had his company during the long wait, and his kind help in getting my belongings into the train, and I shall long cherish grateful memories of the hospitality of the brave workers of Tigers Kloof.

The first part of my journey to-day is through a flat, bare country, which looks sufficiently poor to make one wonder how cattle can live and men grow rich. Then about noon we entered the region of a range of mountains, which presented a very agreeable change of scene, but by three o'clock we have reached the flats again; and nothing is within view but a dead monotony of bushy forest.

Five o'clock. We are now passing through a sandy country. My coach is towards the back—last but one—of the train and the very paper I am now writing on is covered with a fine dusty sand. The steward has just been with afternoon tea—not before it was needed.

TIGER'S KLOOF : CLASS ROOMS. *To face page* 26.

Friday, July 31.

I am now in Bulawayo. We steamed into the station true to time, 9.40. We had made up the hour we were behind during the night.

Early this morning a gentleman and lady, and their little three-year-old girl came into my compartment. They were very chatty and kind, and gave me a good bit of information about the part of the country we were passing through. They have been out three years, and came from near Manchester. They have a farm through which the train passes, and they also keep a store. They came out for his health, and he is quite well here, but it is a lonely life—50 miles south of Bulawayo and their nearest neighbours a long way off, but they seemed happy and hopeful, and glad to have some one to talk their plans over with. The land is good here both for cattle and corn. The woman told me she had a brother a Primitive Methodist. Wherever I go I find the influence of our Church.

My nephew, Mr. Halse, was at the station waiting for me, and has kindly put me up and is showing great hospitality.

I am surprised at Bulawayo—both the size and beauty of the town are quite beyond my

expectations. I have not seen much of it yet, but I can see at a glance that it consists of two parts—the business part which is near the station, and the residential part, which is half an hour's walk away on gently rising ground, and hidden away among trees and shrubs, many of the latter in flower. All the streets are very wide, and even the business places stand off at a respectful distance from each other. The whole town is lighted by electric lamps.

The business atmosphere of the place is bright and brisk—a great gain on the present state of Cape Colony. People also are coming up in great numbers from down country—glad to get away from the influence of the Dutch. Rhodesia, I think, has before it a great future. It is in the hands of the British, perhaps, more than any other part of Africa.

Saturday, August 1.

Another glorious morning. I have been watching the heavens ever since I landed at Cape Town, but have not yet seen a cloud. As you breathe the lovely air, it seems to give you new life. Remember this is winter, yet

MR. RHODES' STATUE, BULAWAYO.

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I am sitting on the verandah finishing my English mail, which must be posted to-day.

Sunday, August 2.

I had a quiet day of rest. Mrs. Harrison and I had a cab and went to Church in the morning. Our Wesleyan friends have a large church but small congregation. It was a bright little service—over in 7 minutes under the hour. The sermon lasted only 15 minutes. No one could complain that the service was too long.

We did not go out at night. We were about 3 miles from Church. We had a quiet evening together and retired early.

Monday, August 3.

My nephew, Mr. Halse, had arranged a visit to the Matopo Hills, the last resting place of Cecil John Rhodes. The party consisted of Mrs. Harrison (Mr. Halse's sister, who for several years was a member of my choir at Aliwal) a friend from Johannesburg and myself. We had a fine 16 horse power motor car, driven by a man who had been at the business for many years. The car was like a thing of life under his direction. Where

the roads were good we went at the rate of 30 miles an hour. The distance was 30 miles each way.

It was a glorious day—not a cloud to be seen, yet not too hot. The road on the whole was very good, a few rough places, but nothing to grumble about. The country through which we passed is a combination of grass, bush and forest, with here and there Native and European farms. About 18 miles on the road we came to the finest dam I have seen in Africa. It was formed by building a head-wall to a natural basin among the hills. Land extending for many miles below the dam is under water, and is thus rendered very fruitful. Rhodes spent £30,000 in building the dam. In approaching the Matopos we passed through several miles of lovely park and nursery grounds, where nature and art join in yielding a profusion of beauty I have seen in no other part of the country. Here is a stretch of primeval forest the hand of man has never touched; yonder is an expanse of well-ordered beauty of gum trees, pines, and many others, interspersed with a great variety of flowering shrubs; and yet further on we came to extensive nursery

THE MATOPO DAM—BUILT BY MR. RHODES.

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gardens, full of choice fruit trees—the orange and lemon trees laden with fruit.

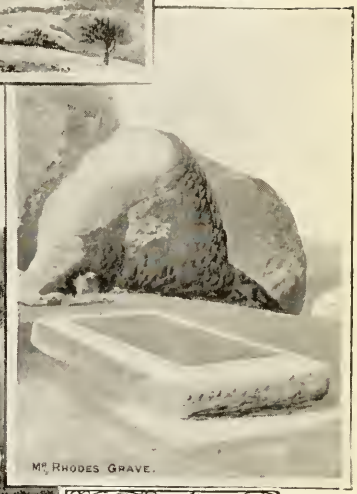
We reached the foot of the "World's View," about eleven o'clock. We first kindled a fire and made a delicious cup of tea, rendered the more grateful and refreshing by our hot and dusty ride. We now started on our stiff climb of 25 minutes to the grave. It took us much longer than this, however, as we had often to stop and admire the scene of rugged grandeur that was open to view as we ascended. At last we reached the grave and with bared and bowed heads stood around it, and tried to realise its significance. There is not much to see beyond the natural formation of the place. A field of bare granite, around the outer edge a series of huge boulders—some of them far exceeding in size the blocks at Stonehenge, and in the centre the grave blasted out of the solid granite. It is covered by a roughly wrought slab on which is fixed a bronze plate, with the plain inscription "Here lies the remains of Cecil John Rhodes"; that is all, excepting the view—the "World's View"; and who can describe it with either pen or brush, or both? East, West, North, South, as far as the eye can

reach, and beyond, an unbroken succession of granite peaks, irregular in size and shape, but all joining to complete the massive grandeur of the scene.

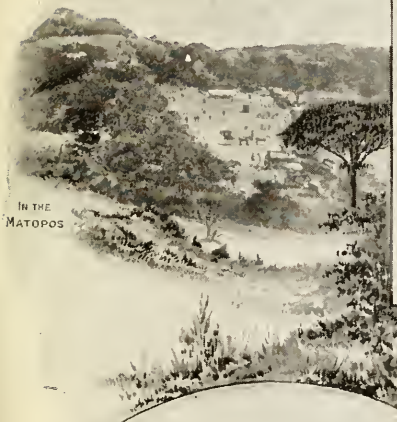
A little way from the grave is the monument built at Rhodes' expense in honour of Wilson's brave party. This is built of carefully worked granite blocks, many of which are 7 ft. by 3 ft., 6 in. by 3 ft. A large bronze panel is built into each of its four sides, bearing life size figures of the party. It bears the simple inscription "To the Brave." It was only a little way from this spot that Rhodes took his life in his hand and met the warlike Matebele to secure peace. No one should come to Bulawayo and leave without, if possible, seeing the Matopos.

After descending to a suitable place near the base of the mountain, we had an open air lunch and a little rest, which was much needed after our climb. Then we made a little further survey of the neighbourhood, taking note of many wild fig and plum trees; just to add to the wild character of the scene, shortly before leaving, we saw a troop of monkeys under a big fig tree. I judge they were commencing their early supper, but seeing our

VIEW IN THE MATOPOS.



Mr. RHODES GRAVE.



IN THE MATOPOS

WESTAGRE FARM.

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approach and not realising the relationship, they took refuge in the rocks.

The homeward journey was very delightful and we were safely in town by five o'clock.

CHAPTER III.

Victoria Falls to Broken Hill.

Tuesday, August 4.

RESUMED my up-country journey this morning at 10.15. My stay in Bulawayo was an unbroken pleasure. My friends spared neither time nor labour to promote this. The Wesleyan Minister was at the station to see me off and bid me God-speed. He also wished me to give him a Sunday on my return journey. I have promised, if I am able to spend a Sunday in town, to give him at least one service.

That part of the country between Bulawayo and the Falls, which we did during the day, is mostly forest, with a tendency for the timber to grow bigger as we proceed. But the top half of the journey, including Wankies, was done during the night. I shall hope to see this on the return journey.

Wednesday, August 5.

Reached the Falls at 7 o'clock in the morning. Coffee was brought round a little earlier

than usual to give us time to dress and pack before the train stopped.

The hotel is about 50 yards from the station; it is capable of accommodating 200 guests, and is quite up to date, not, however, in its buildings; they are one-storey iron erections, lined with wood and matting. There are no less than four distinct buildings; but they are so arranged as to form a main centre, and two wings, with verandahs and covered ways. The whole place is lighted with electricity. Everything is clean. The tables are splendidly served. The sitting and dining rooms are liberally fitted with air-fans, but this is winter, and these are not needed just now.

I was fortunate in falling in with a nice family, Wesleyans from East London (father, mother, and two daughters) and two gentlemen known to them; so we made a party of seven and agreed to go together. Mr. Brown lives at the hotel, and keeps boats and a motor-launch. He gave us his terms, and we engaged him to take us up the river to-morrow. Meantime he offered to be our guide in seeing the Falls to-day. This greatly added to our comfort

and enabled us to make more of our time. We started out for the day, it being arranged for our lunch to be sent over the bridge to the north side of the river.

We left the hotel at 9 o'clock, and proceeded to the bridge which spans the Gorge. This bridge was made at Darlington and brought here in sections. It has the distinction of being the highest in the world. The work was carried out with such care that not a life was lost in its erection, and yet it was built without a scaffold. It was built out from the opposite sides of the Gorge till it met in the middle. The bridge is 650 feet long, the centre arch has a span of 500 feet; its foundations are in the solid rock of the sides of the Gorge 250 feet down. The height from water to the rails is 350 feet. It is 30 feet wide; double rails are laid, though only one set is needed at present. We paid a shilling toll to cross this bridge.

We went round to the North Bank, and took a boat (an American canoe) for Livingstone Island; so named because Livingstone landed on it, and crept down on his hands and knees and looked over the Falls. He also cut his name on a tree; the only time, he says, he

VICTORIA FALLS.

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ever indulged in such a piece of vanity. The tree is still there, carefully fenced, and I noticed a beautiful orchid growing on one of the highest limbs. Livingstone speaks of having seen the footprints of a hippopotamus. In this respect we were like him, for we could see the huge creatures had been there very recently.

After returning from the island, we descended into the Palm Kloof or Grove. The road is fairly good. We descended 400 feet, and then we reached the waters of the Gorge. The palms, many of them, are over 50 feet high, and they stand so thick on the ground you cannot pass between them. There is also here and there, some very fine timber in the Kloof. When we reached the top again we were tired and needed rest and lunch. Both were within reach; and left us ready for a further inspection.

The afternoon was spent in passing through the Rain Forest; so named because it is constantly being deluged by the spray of the Falls. This rises, often, to a distance of 2,000 feet, and descends on the forest in heavy rain. We had to protect ourselves with umbrellas and macintoshes; and even

then we were wet. A good road has been made through the dense fern and tree life of the forest; and at points of advantage short roads have been cut out to the brink of the Gorge to give a better view of the Falls.

I do not know how to describe the Falls. You cannot see them till you get close to them; and then there is no point from which you can see the whole extent of them at once. This lessens the first impression. But after you have taken it in sections, the awful grandeur of it possesses you and you feel as though you can see and hear the great Creator in His works. Let us in imagination go up the river about four miles to a point where both banks of the river can be seen—the only one for many miles—as islands generally obstruct the view. Here the river is two miles wide. From this point to the Falls it gradually narrows and is broken into channels by islands. At the Falls the river is one and a quarter miles wide. Here the water suddenly drops 400 feet into a gorge which runs at a right angle to the river. The water in the Gorge cannot be fathomed, but it has been calculated that it can be a little, if any, less than 1,000 feet deep. The first

MAIN FALLS AS SEEN FROM THE RAIN FOREST, OPPOSITE LIVINGSTONE ISLAND.

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stretch of the Gorge, that which runs the width of the river, is fairly straight. Then it flows towards the East, but in such a way as to be running alternately North and South; and this continues 40 miles down, when the Gorge gradually opens out into a wide river again.

This is a very rough description, but it will help you to understand more fully the wonder of the whole thing. Along the edge of the precipice the water is broken by islands and boulders, but this is the dry season. Mr. Brown told us that when the river is in flood the falls are nearly continuous, and that in the Gorge below the water rises 50 feet.

Thursday, August 6.

Shortly after breakfast we started for the motor-launch—our party of seven, Mr. Brown and two native boys. We went about eight miles up the river to an island that is a favourite place for picnics. A French Mission Station is near—Old Livingstone, in charge of one of the Jalla Brothers. As I wished to call and pay my respects, Mr. Brown rowed me over in an American canoe. During our conversation, Mr. Jalla asked which island we were on. I said "The

Zambesi Island." Said he, "I never heard of that island before." I explained where it was. He laughed and said "They must have changed the name." It had always been called "Pig Island," from the fact that his predecessor on the Mission had trouble with his pigs, and put them on the island that they should not stray, and then the Brother shrugged his shoulders and smiled and said he soon had no more trouble with his pigs for the crocodiles ate them. I found from Mr. Brown the island had recently been named Zambesi Island.

The scenery up the river is very lovely. We passed many beautiful islands—one three miles long, and very fruitful. Many cattle were on it; the natives having them in charge living there. Mr. Brown took us in his little boat up to the first rapids above the Falls. The boys carried the boat above the rapids. The whole party could not enjoy the privilege, so I and the three ladies were selected for the honour of shooting the rapids. The boat was guided by the owner and two natives, who are very expert. It was a most exciting experience. What they fix up in London is nothing to the real thing. We all

PANORAMIC VIEW SHOWING VICTORIA FALLS AS COMPARED WITH LENGTH OF OXFORD STREET (1 MILE 169 YARDS). THE INSET COMPARES THE HEIGHT WITH ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

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got a little wet, of course; and one of the young ladies was drenched, and after we returned to the island she had to get away from us and take her outer garments off and dry them in the sun. This was soon done and she said, laughing, she would not have missed the experience for anything.

We commenced our return voyage about 5.30 and were reaching the end about sundown. We had been hoping all day we should see a hippopotamus, and began to fear the pleasure would be denied, when we were lucky enough to see five sporting in the water before coming out to feed. Mr. Brown turned the boat in their direction to give us a closer view. It was a fine sight to see these huge creatures—one weighs two tons—playing in the water like school boys. The whole day was full of pleasure.

Friday, August 7.

I felt it right to devote this day to duty. New Livingstone, the seat of Government, is seven miles away. The train goes at ten and returns at 4.30. I took the journey to call on the Administrator. It would not have been respectful to have passed into his country

without doing this. He received me courteously, and gave me an open letter to any of their representatives, requesting them to give me any help I may need. Government House is a fine place. They speak of the North Western Government as very poor, but I could see no token of it as far as the Administration is concerned.

I got back at 4.30 and went and had a final look at the Falls, as I have to leave at 7 to-morrow morning. It was delightful to sit on the verandah in the evening surrounded with all the advantages of civilisation, and yet the hippopotami feeding a hundred yards away. Only a few evenings ago two gentlemen went beyond the grounds of the hotel for a walk. One of them struck a match to light his pipe. This attracted a hippopotamus, and if the man had not climbed a tree he would have been killed.

Saturday, August 8.

We should have left the Falls for Broken Hill this morning at 7.15; but we were an hour late. This last part of my rail journey is a little over 400 miles. There is no provision for food on the way, and we are to be

in the train till Monday afternoon—two and a half days, and two nights. There are no shops at the Falls, so there was nothing for it but to get the hotel people to put me up a box of provisions.

During the day I had a companion in my compartment—a gentleman going up country hunting; it was said at the Falls that he was an English Duke, travelling under an assumed name. At any rate, he was a very nice fellow, and when we had lunch he gave me a lettuce and a bottle of mineral water, which were very acceptable. In the evening the gentlemen in the next compartment left the train, and I was able to take it for our better accommodation in sleeping.

Sunday, August 9.

The train stopped last night about 9 o'clock. There was no station. It just stood still on the track, where there was a water supply. This is not done because it is dangerous to travel in the night, but to give the men working the train an opportunity of getting rest. The same men have to take the train through. This is done, of course, to save the cost of a double set of men.

This morning I was up early, between five and six, before the sun; and got out and collected wood to boil my little kettle, and make a cup of tea. It was delicious, like most of our other comforts and pleasures, all the more enjoyable because earned. I was able to return the hunter's kindness by giving him a cup of tea. We exchanged notes a little during the day. He told me he was on a hunting expedition; and when I told him where I was going; he said, "It is very brave of you, at your time of life." I am sure he is not more than ten years my junior, and yet he seemed to think nothing of the courage of his own expedition, though attended with greater danger than my own. I told him that in this journey, I was simply realising a pleasure that I had looked forward to for years; and felt I was making as little sacrifice as he was in pursuing it. But he shook his head and held to his own view of the case; so difficult is it for us to understand each others pleasures. Had I been obliged to undertake his expedition, which will cost him many hundreds of pounds, and many deprivations before he reaches home, that would indeed have been a hardship; but my own mission is

BRIDGE OVER THE ZAMBESI BELOW THE FALLS, 400 FT. ABOVE LOW-WATER LEVEL, AND 650 FT. IN LENGTH, THE HIGHEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.

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the crowning joy of my life. When he left the train in the evening to join his waggon, he lifted his hat, and grasped my hand and bid me God-speed in my work as though taking leave of a martyr; I reciprocated his kind interest, and hoped he would find all the sport he wished and reach home in safety.

This afternoon we crossed the Kafue. It is a beautiful river, larger than the Orange at Aliwal. The railway crosses by means of a very fine bridge; nothing like the Falls bridge; but still fine of its kind. Its iron supports stand on cement blocks well bedded in the river. It consists of 13 spans of 100 ft. each. I was greatly surprised to find a river so wide and full.

When we reached our destination for the day, some distance North of the Kafue, several people left the train; among them a gentleman and lady who, if certain tokens, which shall be nameless, can be trusted, have recently been married. I believe he had been down country to fetch his young wife. A lot of natives met them as carriers. His first care was about his wife—to get her loaded up and on the road. He called up the stretcher-

bearers. They came forward with the hammock. When she saw it, I heard her ask her husband, "Have I to go in that thing?" When her husband, for answer, assured her it would be "all right," she seemed to experience a great revulsion of feeling, and I could see tears coming in her eyes, as she said: "I can never go in that thing." Just then, in making his arrangements, her husband had to go a little distance from her, and I moved near the poor soul and said to her: "Don't be frightened; you must not think of walking. This is the only mode of travelling up here. It is perfectly safe. I have 200 miles to do in that way." She tried to smile, and thanked me, and the next I saw was that she was loaded up, and being borne away at a trot.

We stopped for the night this evening at 6 o'clock. I quickly got my evening meal, and did two hours' writing. It is very difficult in this part of the journey to write when the train is in motion, it rocks so much.

Monday, August 10.

Up early again this morning, but had not time to boil my kettle outside, as the train

ABOVE THE FALLS.

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started at 6 o'clock. I boiled it, therefore, with the spirit stove, and made a good breakfast.

I forgot to mention on Saturday morning that I met some returning Missionaries at Livingstone, on their way down from 600 miles north of Broken Hill; that is to say, they had already come 1,000 miles on their way home, and they had 7,600 still to go to reach Southampton—a Missionary and his wife and two children, and a lady worker. They are Brethren. They told me their mission is near the sources of the Zambesi, that it is at first a tiny stream bubbling out of the ground; that their little four year old girl had stood across it, with a foot on either bank, and yet I had just seen it where it is two miles wide. And the Kefue, the beautiful river I have just described, is one of its tributaries. The wonders of this country are constantly unfolding.

The general character of the country all the way up from the Falls is forest, with here and there a little open country; but the forest, that is, most of it, is not so dense but what grass can grow. There is much game, but it is not often seen from the train. I saw a buck one

morning, and some others saw a wild pig; but the noise of the train causes them to move out of sight.

We reached Broken Hill at 2 this afternoon. The arrival of the train is a great event, for it only happens once a week. A great crowd was at the station. Among them I soon found Mr. and Mrs. Kerswell, who received me with great kindness, and evident pleasure. Mrs. Kerswell had not been feeling very well, and when it was decided to fetch me with the waggon, it was arranged for Mrs. Kerswell to come, as a means of improving her health, and she is already much better. Their camp is pitched about a mile from the station, just outside the township. They have been here since Saturday to give the oxen a good rest and attend to business. This is the base for the Mission, though 120 miles away, and they, I was glad to find, are combining business with pleasure in thus fetching me.

My 2,000 miles rail journey is now finished.

CHAPTER IV.

Broken Hill to Nambala.

I WISH you could look around this my first camp. You would see the waggon as larder and store; a little tent for myself, with a nice stretcher or camp bed in it; and a larger one for Mr. and Mrs. Kerswell, which is also the living room during the day. Then we have camp tables and chairs. I am now sitting in the door of my tent at one of these tables, writing this account.

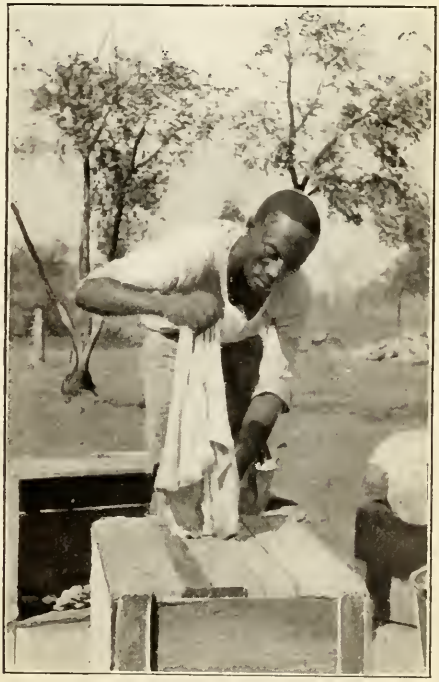
Our first business is to sit and have a good talk; nothing can be done till this is over—the old friends, the old and new countries, the journey by sea and land, the Mission, etc., etc. Then came the evening meal, and it was a surprise to me. Mr. Kerswell is a good shot it turns out, and our table was the richer. So after the make-shift of the train, I made a royal meal; and after evening worship, I went to my new quarters prepared to enjoy the night in a tent bed.

I may say we used the new native hymn book, and sang two hymns—one written by Robert Moalosi, native teacher, and one by Mr. Chapman.

I have now had the opportunity of testing our camp by a night experience. And I must say it stands the test well. I had a splendid night's rest. It was a great treat to be able to take off all my day clothing, and at once get into my night suit and my bed. After a good meal I was able to look round, and still further survey the situation.

Broken Hill is only a small township, and only the shadow of its former self. While it was the head of the railway construction, and the mines were in full swing, there were many people and much doing. But now the railway is finished to here there is a pause, a further section not being organised as yet. The mines are all closed, waiting, they say, for more complete machinery; but I fear their money is gone, and no return has been received yet. Whatever the cause the disastrous fact is indisputable—no work is to be had, and many are waiting for it; and the white people out here are almost as bad as the blacks in this respect. They spend their

MY FIRST CAMP.



WASHING DAY ON OUR JOURNEY.

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money as fast as they can get it. Drink! Drink!! That is the trouble The late Post-master here, only a fortnight since, blew his brains out in the office—a bright clever young fellow, a colonial, educated for the Dutch Church, an M.A., a good servant of the Government, but a drunkard. He was under notice for this cause alone; and although they were giving him a lower appointment down country, the disgrace was too much for him so he took his life. His accounts and moneys were found in perfect order.

I got a letter from the Post Office during the evening, the first that had reached me since leaving home. I also had business at the store, laying in tinned food for the journey. All this had to be done at once, as we were to leave at four in the afternoon for our first "trek."

During the incoming journey Mr. Kerswell had killed 7 head of game—6 buck and a wild pig—enough to supply their own needs, and use for barter to get other things at the native villages. But as one cannot always depend on so good a supply, they brought a dozen cockerels with them in case of need. These are let loose during the day; but the waggon

is their home, and they will not stray. At sun-down they return to their box for the night. But as we were striking tents at four they had to be caught, and they did not wish it, so there was some fun. All hands, including the dogs, assisted. At four all was ready. The great two-handed whip cracked like a gun, and we commenced our waggon journey of 120 miles, through the forest.

Before leaving Broken Hill I may mention there are only three European ladies here—two who are wives and mothers, and one who is the Hospital nurse—perhaps the most courted lady in the country. The South African Lakes Co., is the leading store in the place. It is in the hands of Scotsmen. It does not matter how far you travel, you find "Sandy" in evidence, and usually gathering in the "bawbees" with great facility. The Scotch make the best of Colonists.

Very scant provision is made for the religious needs of the people of Broken Hill. A Church clergyman comes up very occasionally from Bulawayo—about three or four times a year; and the sad thing about it is that this seems to be quite enough for them. The Sabbath is spent chiefly in hunting and other

pastimes. Nothing is done for the natives. Surely the fields are white to the harvest, and labourers few.

Wednesday, August 12.

I have had my first night in the forest. We "trekked" last evening about five hours. Our first business was to get our evening meal, as we had had nothing but a cup of tea and slice of cake since dinner. It is no trouble to make a big fire, as the forest is everywhere full of dead wood. The kettle soon boils. We have a cup of cocoa and fried buck, and, of course, bread—the latter made on the journey. While we are making and enjoying this meal (for we get very hungry), the boys are putting up the tents, by which time their own supper is cooked. We turn in about ten; and we sleep the sleep of the tired. The oxen remain tied to the trek-chain; and they lie down almost as soon as they stop. Safety for man and beast is secured by two big fires—one near the oxen, and one near the tents. The boys roll themselves up in their blankets, and sleep round these fires; the smell of which is enough to keep off the wild beasts.

At three in the morning the signal is given to resume the "trek." All hands are at work to strike tents and pack up. We are able to get a little sleep in the waggon during this "trek." It will last to about 9.0, when we out-span for the day, and the oxen are put to graze. The tents are again pitched, and for the day rest, we try to have them under a tree, as the sun gets very hot. We prepare a shady kitchen, and by 10 o'clock we have a good breakfast served. We always have porridge; the meat varies according to what the gun supplies. After breakfast each does according to his bent—read, write, sleep, or sometimes take a sun-shade and have a walk. You are fairly safe in the forest during the day; it is at night the wild beasts come forth. We get a good dinner about two, of soup, vegetables, meat, and sometimes fruit. Then a short rest, and at 4 another "trek."

I have given a full description of this first day, because most of the other days will be like it. The "treks" vary a little in length because of the water supply. The day rest always has to be where there is water for the

oxen, so sometimes we travel a little longer or shorter than we otherwise would do. Of course, these journeys are timed for the dry season. It is a little rough sometimes in the waggon because of the roads, as when the wheels strike the stump of a tree. But with a few drawbacks, we have all the comforts of home in an out-door movable life. My health, so far, is excellent; and it is doing my friends much good.

Another delightful and restful night in the forest. The sun-sets and the sun-rises are beyond description. The hunting is done at the beginning of the evening "trek," and at the end of the morning's; as the game feed at those times, and hide themselves during the heat of the day. Our larder was getting short, and Mr. Kerswell went out with his rifle to get a buck. After tramping about seven miles, and seeing nothing, we had to make our evening meal of tinned stuff. This was not appreciated after feasting on venison and partridge.

As our need was great, I also went out next morning with the shot gun, hoping to get some bush doves, or guinea-fowls. I did get a chance at some doves; but not hav-

ing a dog, I lost my game in the long grass. I saw no guinea-fowls, but I did shoot two big birds. But when I got back to the waggon I was vexed to find they would not do for our breakfast. The natives, however, feasted on them, so the labour was not all lost.

Friday, August 14.

Mr. Kerswell started out this morning early in search of game. He has a boy with wonderful sight. We call him the hunter. He can see the game in the long grass where a European can see nothing. They had not been gone ten minutes before we heard the gun. This was followed by a loud whistle, and we knew he had killed. We sent out two natives, and they brought in a fine doe, as much as the two could carry. By eight o'clock they had also secured a fine buck.

Now it transpired that we were short of meal for the boys. We, therefore, sent out to the village, not far away, to say if they would bring a present of meal, we would give a present of meat. This brought us our first market on the outward journey. Some brought meal, some maize, some fowls. The buying, or rather, exchange, is conducted by

the cook, who has charge of supplies. The natives all sit round in a circle, with their goods in front of them. The cook goes round and selects what he is willing to accept. If there is anything not up to the standard required (and they are not over particular what they bring), it is rejected. He is disposed to drive a hard bargain, and his master has sometimes, for his own credit, to ask him to be a little more liberal. When the transaction is over they salute by giving a clap, and retire. We were now set up for a day or two, and did no hunting in the evening; for we do not hunt for the love of it, but when we need meat.

By Saturday we had the dust and grime of our forest journey on us; and during the morning we all had a lovely bathe—I a warm one, and it proved a great refreshment.

The cook reported that our meal would not hold out till Monday, and we had but little meat to buy with. Then there was the difficulty of Sunday, and although the natives hereabouts do not know one day from another, we wished to avoid buying on Sunday. So we decided to get through our first "trek" as early as possible; and to be so

far in touch with civilization as to do our shopping late Saturday night. We therefore started as near four in the afternoon as possible. Mr. Kerswell and his boy went forward with the rifle. It is our habit to walk three or four miles every evening, when the heat of the sun has abated a little. It relieves the load, and gives us exercise. Now we had not been walking more than half-an-hour before we could see Mr. Kerswell and his boy had game in view. Then a little later we heard the gun and the whistle, and we knew they were successful. Then we had a pretty sight. Five beautiful antelopes ran along the brow of the hill away from our friends. And when they were not more than 250 yards from them, they stood and looked back—a sign to us that one of their number was left behind. This proved to be the case. Mr. Kerswell had shot a fine young buck, not quite full grown, judging from its horns, but quite as big as a two-year old ox at home. The waggon had to wait on the road while the boys dressed and cut up the meat. Mr. Kerswell could easily have had another shot; but, as I have said before, he only shoots to supply our needs; and we now had enough meat to last

several days for use, barter, and presents on the road. We are constantly meeting people, Government servants, and others, who are glad to get a piece of meat. One of the boys went on to the village where we were to outspan, and gave them notice of our coming, and that we had meat, and wanted meal, eggs, sweet-potatoes etc. When we reached the place many were waiting for us with their goods. Quietly telling the cook to be liberal in his prices our shopping commenced; orthodox at least in this, that it was now ten o'clock. Our meal bags were well filled, and we went to bed with our fears removed.

Sunday, August 16.

We had an earlier "trek" than usual, and resumed our journey later in the afternoon, so as to have the day quiet. We were near a village, and sent to invite the people to come to the camp for service. We were sorry to find a trader was at a village a few miles off, and the people had gone there for trade. All days are alike to them as yet, and I am sorry to say the traders, when they are out for trade, that is, visiting the villages, as in this case, make no difference.

We had a service with our own people: sang several hymns from the new hymn-book, had the ten Commandments, and prayer. Mr. Kerswell cannot preach yet in the language, but thanks to Mr. Smith's book, and the help of the native assistants, he can converse with some ease, and read fluently. I was surprised to find what good head-way he has made in the time.

We commenced our "trek" early to make up a little for the short run of yesterday. We did not trouble to look after game, as we were well supplied with meat, and also food for the boys.

I noticed the forest varies a good bit, especially in the size of its timber. For a few miles it will be small, but high, not much bigger than scaffold poles, but nearly all hard wood, nothing in the nature of deal. Then we come to a part that will look very much like an old-fashioned orchard at home, and you would think the country was rich in fruit trees, only there is but little fruit. Then, again, there is a stretch of fine timber; but, as a rule, not so near together but that grass can grow for the game. This is winter, and there has been no rain since last March;

WOMEN GRINDING CORN AT KAWANGAS.

CROSSING CHIBILA AT MUMBWA.

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and yet many of the trees are as green as we should expect to see them in spring, and there are tokens of new fresh life everywhere; in bushes, shrub, flowers, and grasses; and all the game I have seen have been sleek and fat.

The country so far has been flat, but Mr. Kerswell tells me it will be hilly and even mountainous further on.

The days are very hot. We usually find shade for our tents under the trees; but to-day this was not easy. I began to feel very hot as I sat in the tent writing. Presently I noticed an unusual movement outside; and in a little while a delightful shade fell on the tent. I looked out and found the boys had cut leafy boughs of trees and planted them round the tent. So if they could not place the tent under a tree, these children of the forest knew how to bring the tree to the tent. It was smart, and mine was the comfort.

To-day we were able to see the Nambala mountains. It is a fine range about three miles from our Mission station. But it is a long way off yet. We shall not get there till Friday evening. We can see a great distance in this climate.

Wednesday, August 18.

We reached camp rather early this morning; and, as on Friday morning we were to call at the Magistrate's Camp at Mumba, Mr. Kerswell was anxious to get a buck to make a present of meat. They often send such a present to the Missionary, and he, naturally, likes to return the compliment when he has the chance. As it was a cool morning, and the country looked likely, I thought I would have a turn round with the shot gun. But I was less lucky than the time before when I went out; for now I shot something which not even the natives would eat. I thought it was a very fine pigeon; but when I picked it up I became doubtful. Its beak and claws were the wrong shape, and sure enough it was a kind of pigeon-hawk—it had just the colour and markings of the wood-pigeon. I also came upon a pair of very small buck. Indeed, I saw them at a distance before I fired at the hawk; but I had no idea I could get near enough to them with a shot gun. But presently I came upon them again, in a quiet grassy spot, and only 60 yards away. My charge, as the event proved, was really too light, but I let go and hit one. It

staggered, but did not fall, and reached some reeds before I could catch it, where I could not stalk it without a dog. I was sorry to think the hyenas would get it. Mr. Kerswell returned without having fired a shot.

We are now in a hilly region. Indeed, it began yesterday. The views we get are very beautiful; and there are many signs that game is very plentiful. But the game is wild, the result of being so near the Magistrate's Camp, I judge; for his people, like the Missionaries, have to use the gun to get meat.

The lions in this neighbourhood have been rather threatening of late. Mr. and Mrs. Kerswell saw one when they were coming into Broken Hill. It was during their night "trek." He jumped out of the grass at the dog; and followed them along the road. He did not come very near the waggon, but they could see his eyes in the darkness shining like small fires. They had a good bit of meat in the waggon, and some of it was rather "high." This, no doubt, was the attraction. Night after night, we had the hyenas about our camp. But then we are safe from their fear of the fires. One night, just after getting into bed, I heard a confusion among the boys

outside, and then Mr. Kerswell's voice. I called out to know what was up, and they had seen a lion creeping through the grass, not towards, but away from the waggon. The fires had frightened it.

Friday, August 20.

After breakfast and a good wash to rid ourselves of some of the grime of the forest, we called at the Camp; but were sorry to find only one European, the Postmaster, in charge. The Magistrate, and Captain of Police, with their staff, were away in the District, which is a large one, attending to outside duties. I am glad to find all the authorities are very friendly to our work, and ready to do all they can to strengthen the hands of the missionaries. Mr. Hindes, the Postmaster, received us with great kindness, and showed us round both the Civil and Police Camps. The Magistrate's Camp consists of a series of large round huts with high roofs. The roofs extend over the walls about five feet, and are supported with posts from the ground. This acts pretty much as an open air room, and helps to keep the hut cool. The Post Office, the Court House, as

well as the dwellings of the staff, are all huts of this kind. The walls of the huts are formed by fixing posts in the ground at short intervals. The spaces between are filled in with reeds; and then the whole is carefully plastered inside and out. The walls inside are plastered to a smooth face and colour-washed. The ceilings are of canvas or very cheap calico. We had dinner in one of these huts. It was cool and pleasant. The huts stand off at a good distance from each other; and plantains, orange, lemon, and other trees are planted around; and away in the back-ground were smaller huts for offices, and for the native attendants. The whole was beautifully clean and orderly.

After this inspection we went round the Police Camp. The Captain is an amateur builder, and in consequence his camp is more ambitious. There are two square houses; one of them was built by the previous Captain. This is now being renovated and improved in other ways; and the magistrate is to occupy it when he returns from his present journey. The Captain has just built himself a better house. Its walls are of well-burnt bricks; and it has a verandah on three sides. The

rooms are high. All the carpentry is home made, of local timber; and the workmanship is really good. The other houses are round huts. There are 70 native police. There is a fort, and prison, and the usual offices. The Camp is ten miles from Nambala.

They have a number of pets about the Camps—such as a wart-hog, bush pigs, etc. One of the latter was carried away not long since by a lion.

About two o'clock we left for the last stage of our journey; and it proved a new experience. It was by means of the Mashila; that is the thing I saw the lady carried away in along the line. It is really a strong canvas hammock suspended on a pole, which projects at each end sufficiently to rest on a native's shoulder. Ten boys are a proper number for a Mashila; and they take turns; and they are very expert in changing. They can do it without stopping, and, indeed, without checking the speed. It is ten miles from Mumba to Nambala; but they did it in a little over two hours. They have a Mashila song which they sing often on the journey, without fail when they are passing a village. I have not been able to get the full meaning of it,

but it sounds like a musical dialogue and responses; and, like the natives in the south, the men have fine voices, and their harmony is perfect. I feared the motion of the Mashila would be unpleasant; but this is a mistake. It was very agreeable, and I felt no ill effects.

CHAPTER V.

Work at Nambala.

Saturday, August 21.

MY first night and day at Nambala have been full of interest. I had not slept under a roof for fourteen nights, and it was very grateful to be in a walled room again.

The new Mission House, as compared with the magistrate's quarters, even the improved ones he is to occupy when he returns from his present journey, is, indeed, a palace; and there is nothing at mine or camp, in all North West Rhodesia to compare with it, excepting the Governor's residence at New Livingstone, and that is not much in advance of it. The rooms are large and lofty and well-furnished; the walls are of well-burnt bricks; two of the rooms have bay windows with French doors; and there is a spacious verandah on three and a half sides of the house. The roof is high and thatched in the most approved way. The teachers live in huts similar to those at the Mumba

Camp; and those who are working, or are being trained on the Mission, occupy huts of the same general character, but smaller. The church has been opened only about 6 months. For two years and a half the services were held under a big tree near the carpenter's shop. The church was built by Robert, the Teaching Evangelist, who got his training at Aliwal. The walls are formed in the same way as the huts are built. (See my description in Chapter IV.) The roof is high and well thatched, and open to the ridge. There are window openings, but not glazed; a porch, but no door; there is a pretty rostrum, and the floor is well supplied with plain seats made of native mahogany, and it looks very nice. The church will seat from 250 to 300. Mr. Kerswell hopes to build a much more substantial church before long. Then a partition will be placed in the present one, and one end will be used for a workshop, and the other for a school room.

This morning Mr. Kerswell had to give a good deal of attention to medical work. This had got a little behind during his absence. I was glad to find the magistrate and his staff are kind to the natives in this way. This is

not included in their duties, but they do it from interest. After breakfast I went round the Mission. We visited the brick-fields, and saw about 20 boys making bricks; some digging clay, others mixing it, some bringing water, others working at the moulds and others placing the newly made bricks on the floor to dry. It was a busy scene. We also visited the garden and helped to pick green peas for to-morrow's dinner. And this is winter, remember. The garden is near the river, and can therefore be freely watered. I think, when the Mission is a little more developed they will be able to grow most of what they need.

Just before sun-down the bell was rung for worship. All on the Mission are expected to attend. To me it was an impressive service. The church was half filled. A hymn was sung, and a prayer offered, with the Lord's prayer and benediction; and then a retiring hymn. The full dress of the Mission boys is a white shirt. Those who are hired on the Mission simply wear a loin cloth. And this, be it remembered, is a great advance on nothing, which is the dress of many in the villages.

STAFF AT NAMBALA.

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Sunday, August 22.

This will be my only Sunday at Nambala. As far as the Mission is concerned, the Sabbath is well observed. All unnecessary labour is set aside. There is a quiet restful air about the place, and all are in their best clothes, and on their best behaviour. At 10.30 church begins. One of the teachers had gone round to the nearest villages yesterday to tell the people that to-morrow would be the Sabbath, and invite them to church. And he was careful to tell them that Maruti Makanda (the old or chief of the missionaries) would speak to them. They began to approach the Mission rather early for 10.30, for they only have the sun to guide them as to time. The church was quite filled. Two chiefs, and a number of head-men, were in the congregation. Mr. Kerswell read the hymns, the Commandments, and a portion of Scripture; Mr. Diphooko offered prayer, and Robert Moalosi interpreted for me. So we all had a hand in the service. Order and reverence prevailed throughout; the attention to the address was very marked; and the general demeanour of the people left nothing to be desired. It is

evident our staff here are gaining the confidence and respect of the people; and in due time they must reap if they faint not.

In the afternoon I held an English service for the Mission staff. The Postmaster came down from the Camp and joined us; and said with some feeling, as we returned to the house: "That is the first service I have attended for two years." I noticed in the service he seemed greatly interested. May it be made a blessing to him.

We spent a quiet evening together. I felt very tired. The climate is hard to work in; and by nine o'clock I was glad to retire.

Monday was a busy day. Before breakfast I was at the surgery to see the medical cases treated. There were eight in all—some of them very bad, one poor boy about half grown, with great sores on his legs. He has been like this for years, and no doubt but for the help he is getting at the Mission it would have claimed him as its victim. He is now in a fair way of being cured. In another case a great toe had become so rotten as to expose the bone. Here the decay had been arrested, and new flesh is growing. They seem very liable to sores. Their flesh readily

decomposes. In the early stages of the work in this country medicine must play an important part; and I would urge that every man sent here should have at least one year's medical training, more if possible, but never less.

We had many callers to-day—people who came to pay their respects to the visitor. Their salutation is peculiar. They sit on the ground and clap their hands. Among others, two chiefs and a head-man came. I made them a present of a small looking-glass. It was painful to see their delight, so completely are they little children in knowledge and experience. They looked at themselves in the glass, touching their hair and eyes, and their little beards, to satisfy themselves that they were real; and then they looked at each other, and made many exclamations of wonder, and fell to clapping in thanks for the gift. They are tall finely-made people, and behind the child-like mind I feel sure there are fine powers waiting to be developed. Our Mission here is full of opportunity and promises high possibilities.

To-day I have made a thorough inspection of the whole station. There are two saw pits,

a carpenter's shop, blacksmith's forge, the church before described, and about 25 huts. There are also two granaries for storing corn. This consists of maize and Kaffir corn. It is bought from the natives at low cost—about four shillings a bag.

All kinds of work have to be done on the Mission. To-day the waggon driver was breaking in oxen. This is not an easy matter. A pair of them are yoked in behind a pair of broken oxen. They are first walked about without anything to draw, to get them used to the yoke. And then later they are attached to a log which they have to draw. But from the first they will often lie down and refuse to move. The boys will get hold of them, and lift them up, and even then they will refuse to use their legs, and fall down again as though dead. The whip is brought into play, but it is no good. As a last resort one of the boys will get the end of its tail between his teeth, and give it a nip. This acts like magic. The seeming dead thing comes very much to life, and springs up and rushes forward to some purpose.

Mr. Kerswell is having a good many thorn trees cut down. They are no good for tim-

ber, but useful to burn the bricks; and it gives the grass a chance to grow. He wanted a rope to assist in this. It would have cost £5 out here. He has had one made from the bark of a certain tree. It has only cost 5s. and it answers well. It is refreshing to find a Missionary so resourceful, and able to save the church's money by utilising what he finds on the ground.

Wednesday, August 25.

The conduct of some of the English traders came under my notice this morning. I find it is much the same as in the early days down country. They meanly take advantage of the ignorance of the people as to the true value of their corn and cattle; as also the value of money. For example, one was buying an ox. He said to the owner: "That is a fine ox, it is worth two pounds; but as I want it very badly I will give you three pounds." The man was delighted, and received, as he thought, three pounds. But it was three bright brass buttons. Another, passed a bright penny telling the people it was a big sovereign. He got a pound's worth for it. And when Robert our teacher explained to

the man it was not equal to a "tickey," a threepenny piece, you can judge of the man's surprise. He had never seen a penny before. There is no copper in circulation up here. I am glad to know the Magistrate does not spare these men when they come before him; and for this reason the Europeans say of him: "He is a good enough man, but a d—sight too friendly to the 'niggers.'"

A case was brought to the Mission to-day which throws a sad light on the social, and, indeed, moral condition of the people. A woman had been married to a man in another village some distance from her own. Things went fairly well for a time, until one of her brothers-in-law began to thrash her. While she was prepared to recognise the husband's right to do this, she drew the line at brothers-in-law. So she left her husband to return to her own people. On the road she met a man, a perfect stranger to her. He asked her where she was going. She told him. "No;" he said, "that is not true, you are wandering, you are lost, and I have found you. You are my slave." And he took her to a village, and sold her and her baby for corn. The woman watched her opportunity,

BRICK YARD AT NAMBALA.

MEDICAL WORK AT NAMBALA.

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and ran away, and reached home; but was obliged to leave her baby behind. Now they want to get the baby. Her brother has taken up the case for her, and brought her to the Mission for help. Before there were Magistrates in the country the Missionaries themselves had to settle such cases, and the people still come to them for advice, as in this case. Mr. Kerswell advised them to take their case to court, and gave them a letter in which he set forth the strong points. The woman will get her child in the end, and the man who did it will be punished if the Police can trace him. The Government sets its face against all kinds of slavery. Only it so happens that this village is in another district, and these poor people will have to travel 20 miles each way to get justice. But apart from the Missionary and the Government they would have no redress. To them it is a great gain on what they before had.

There were 18 cases at the surgery to-day. In one case an operation. The more I see of this work the more I am convinced of its utility. Henceforth I shall be even a much stronger advocate of the medical training for our men who come to the Zambesi; and this

strongly in preference to a medical missionary. The stations are so far apart, and travelling is so difficult and slow, that one man would be of little use. The work presses and is constant on each Mission. Besides, a year's good training, such as they get at Livingstone College, is a fine equipment for practice out here; and gives the Missionary a medical status relatively equal to a fully trained doctor at home.

Another interesting medical case. One of the boys who works on the Mission went to his village 13 miles away in connection with the death of one of his people. A woman in the village had been suffering a long time from three sores on her foot—one of them a half inch deep. He told her of the great medicine man at the Mission. He gave medicine to all who came. She started off on foot, with her two year old child at her back, and walked the 13 miles. She arrived this morning in a pitiful condition, and received her first aid; Mr. Kerswell is confident he will be able to heal her. She was in a very dirty condition beyond what the journey implied. He told her she would have to wash, and keep herself clean, or he could

not help her. She pleaded she had lost a child, and she could not wash while she was mourning.

I had a long talk with Diphooko to-day about the trouble he had on the road when he went to bring his wife and family up to Nambala. It happened two and a half days from here. He was walking on in front of his boys, who stayed to eat some wild fruit on the way. He came to a village, and enquired of some women sitting outside their huts the way to the water. They told him in a civil way. He passed on, and next met a native man perfectly naked. He saluted him, and asked: "How is this that you are not dressed?" The man did not answer him, and he saw by this that he was angry. He therefore passed on without saying more. In a minute or so he looked back, but cannot tell why unless it was God inclined him to do it for his own defence; for he saw the man creeping after him, and aiming a blow at his head with a big stick. He was able to ward off the blow. Then he came at him with his spear. Now he found other men were closing in upon him with spears, and he received many stabs in his hands and arms while warding them off.

He thinks they would have killed him, and that their motive was robbery, but just before he was quite exhausted, two other natives ran up and stopped them, saying to the man who led the attack, in their own language, of course, which was known to Diphooko; "What! you up to your old game, are you? Just out of jail, and you want the life of this stranger to bring trouble on us all." With this they stopped, and his life was saved.

These two men insisted on going to the Camp, that innocent people should not be blamed. Diphooko was there under the doctor and could not proceed with his journey for a fortnight. The man got six months.

Diphooko seems a very nice fellow. He is a mason and bricklayer; and also makes the bricks. Mr. Smith got him from Kimberley. He was a Wesleyan local preacher; and is always ready to help in the evangelistic work of the Mission. Mr. Chapman has been most fortunate in having two such men to help him do the heaviest work in founding the Mission.

This brother has had another trouble, as the natives call it. It happened here on the Mission. His kitchen caught fire one day, when his wife was ill in bed, and he was at

BUILDING AT NAMBALA.

THE BOY WITH SORE LEGS AT NAMBALA.

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work on the new house. And before he could get there the place was completely burnt out. The huts consist chiefly of reeds and grass; so a fire is only a question of a few minutes. He was left very bare after the fire, but is getting a few things together again now. But notwithstanding his "troubles," I was greatly pleased with the view he took of them, and also with his great interest in the work of the Mission.

Mr. Kerswell speaks in the highest terms of the work and devotion of these men; and says he would be helpless without them. And I am glad to notice he treats them as brethren and co-workers; and he is finding his reward in the yeoman service they are rendering. I ought to say Diphooko takes the services every third Sunday, and assists Robert in leading the class Sunday afternoons.

The boys who work with Diphooko in the brick yard are mostly hired, and, of course, are all heathen. But even as hired servants they are in the way of being evangelised, for they live on the Mission for the time being, and attend daily prayers, and Sunday services. One of them came to day to ask permission to fetch his wife. As the result of a little

enquiry it was found that he had not lived with his wife yet. She was retained in the village of her people, till he was able to pay the dowry. How much was it? A full grown cow. He was now ready, and wanted to go and fetch his wife from her village to his own village. It would take him three days. Permission was given; and the next we saw of him he was dressed out in a number of fine things, including a red cap, all of which he had borrowed, and was off like a chieftain to fetch his wife. He will not be so amply clothed again, it is to be feared, for many years.

This young man four days later returned a sadder, if not a wiser man; for he found the girl married to another, the reason assigned being that he had been too long in coming. But worse than this, his fine "togs" aroused their envy, and they followed him into the forest with their spears with the intention of robbery with violence, which is likely would have meant death. But fear lent swiftness to his heels, and he made good his escape. We enquired with some anxiety as to his darkened prospects, but were soon relieved by being told of his new plans for comfort. The

prudent man had called at his own village on his way back, and referred the case to his own people. They had their eye on another girl whom he hoped to get in a few days. As is usual with them, he was wonderfully philosophical over the whole business.

We spent the afternoon in preparing for our journey to Nanzela. Mr. Kerswell is going with me, which will enable me to hold a conference with them on the work. It is a great thing to prepare for a journey here. You can depend on nothing on the road but meat and meal; and, of course, the meat supply depends on your success in hunting. It is conceivable this may be very uncertain. Many things may contribute to this. If, for example, a party has passed just before you, the game will be wild and hard to get; whereas, if they have not been disturbed for some time you can approach them much more easily.

CHAPTER VI.

Nambala to the Kafue.

ABOUT eleven in the morning, August 27, we said good-bye to Nambala, and commenced our south-west journey towards Nanzela—Mr. Kerswell on his bike, and Mrs. Kerswell and I each in a mashila. We had a 15 mile journey to do, to reach the waggon, which had been travelling during the previous night.

I need say nothing of this part of my journey, beyond this, we rested twice on the road for about 15 minutes, and got there about four o'clock. And after having a brief meal, we commenced our evening "trek," and went on to a late hour.

About eight miles out of Nambala we came to the largest and best village I have seen in North West Rhodesia. It is called Mono's; that being the name of the chief. The huts are large and well-built, and they have extensive gardens. They have no cattle, as this is in the fly belt, but they can keep goats and

fowls. I have noticed that where the people can keep cattle they do not look much after gardens, and *vice versa*. About four miles further on we came to another large village—Kakoa's. This chief is the father of Mono; and both father and son have a number of head-men under them. Here they are out of the fly belt, and have many cattle.

I have suggested to Mr. Kerswell that now the school is well in hand, it would be a good thing to give Mono's an occasional Sunday service. Three or four school boys could go out to assist in the singing; and, perhaps, it could be extended also to Kakoa's. As there are three of them, a monthly service would not come very often for each, and there would yet be at least two at home each Sabbath for the services. I have also suggested to Mr. Kerswell that an occasional service at Mumba Camp say once a quarter would be a good thing, without being a great tax. At present they get no service whatever, and although there are only five Englishmen, their needs should not be forgotten. Besides, they are all friendly to the Mission and its work and ready to do what they can to help. There are also about 70 native police and messengers

in Camp who could be given a brief service during the same visit.

Saturday, August 28.

This morning at sun-rise I went out for a little shooting. I came upon a small herd of reet-buck. They are about the size of a year old calf, only longer in the legs, and they can run. I hit one at a very long range, that is, long for me—about 200 yards, but it got away into the long grass, and having no dog, we were unable to stalk it. I had a shot-gun with me, as well as a rifle; and on my way back to the waggon I shot two eagles and a wood-pigeon. The boys have skinned the former for me, and the latter will figure in to-morrow's dinner. By this time we were very short of meat, as we only brought a little of a buck Robert had shot to give us a start. We had tinned meat with us, as a last resource, but it seems a shame to be using this, a small tin of which costs 2s. 6d., while the plains and forests are full of game. When we commenced our evening "trek," therefore, about five, Mr. Kerswell and I both took our rifles; and just before sun-set, in about an hour, we came on a small herd of reet-buck, four

LUSE AND HER HUSBAND.

Luse was a slave rescued from Portuguese Raiders and handed to the Missionary by a Government Official during Mr. Baldwin's time at N'Kala.

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or five. Mr. Kerswell shot and missed, when the leader of the herd stood out before me at 150 yards distant, broad side on. I let go and it fell like a log. But judge my humiliation when I found that Mr. Kerswell had shot at the same moment. I was a little in front, and the two shots so entirely coincided that I heard but one. Mr. Kerswell in his generosity wanted to call it my shot; but as he had a superior rifle, and was in good practice, I felt the chances were against me, and would not have it. On our way back we got two more pigeons, so to-morrow's dinner is insured.

We camped for the night near a village. The people came out in great numbers to salute and trade. It was a weird scene. The young moon already gone down. The heavy looking forest timber around us. Our waggon, tents, and blazing fires in the centre of a small clearing, and the dusky forms of these scantily clothed wild people standing out in the fire-light, all sitting or crouching on the ground, some with sweet-potatoes, some with eggs and fowls, and a few with corn and meal. The latter is not easy to get on this "trek," as their crops were poor last year.

Although we had meat to offer in exchange, they all wanted cloth, that is calico. One yard of this makes them a full dress. We spent about 15 yards. I think I have mentioned before, that our native cook does the buying. As it was late he did not stop to test the eggs; and when he did this next morning it was found that nearly half of them were bad—some having live chicks in them. They bring their meal in little baskets the shape of a deep dish. It is their own work. One man in handling his basket let it fall, and, behold, the bottom was filled with sweet-potatoes instead of meal. Our boys, and even his own people laughed at him very much. He had the grace to appear very ashamed of what he had done. I fear he had come into contact at some time with a trader who had left his conscience in England or Germany.

On Sunday morning we pitched our camp early near a large village, and under the finest wild fig tree I have yet seen. I measured it, and found it to be 15 feet in circumference. Its head was in fine proportion to its body, and covered a circle which measured 90 feet across. We found ample room for our waggon and two tents under its grateful shade.

This proved a delightful camping ground in more ways than one, Our first and greatest need in travelling in this country is water. Here we found a considerable river, so we had plenty of clean water; and also a good supply of grass for the oxen, our second great need. Then, the quantity of human life was great for this country. The chief and many of his people came out to greet us; and before the sun was very high we invited them to join us in a service; which consisted in much singing; each verse of the hymn being read out, and repeated by our boys, and, I was delighted to notice, before we had reached the end of our first hymn, the people also were joining in the repetition. I think Mr. Smith has done a work greater than even he realises in reducing the language of the people to a system. Here is a Missionary, Mr. Kerswell, new to the work, he has only been in the country a few months, he has had no assistance in the language but what Mr. Smith's book and his native helpers have given him; and yet he can read the hymns, Scripture stories, and even the Scriptures themselves, in such a way that the heathen—who do not know, till we tell them, what a

missionary is, or that their language is in a book—can understand him. I thank God for this great achievement, and see in it a great promise of success in this Mission. We all joined in repeating the Lord's prayer, also in the native language. The Ten Commandments were read, a gospel story, a prayer from one of the books, and, through one of our boys who understands English better than he can speak it, a few words of explanation and exhortation were spoken, in which they were told who we were, where we were going, and what was being done on the Mission Stations. All this was interspersed with much singing; and it was a source of great pleasure to me to notice, that what is true in the South, is true here. The natives are naturally very musical, in proof of which I need only mention that a number of them, before we reached the end of a hymn, had not only caught the words, but were joining in the tune, especially when it consisted of a simple measure. At the close of the service we had a little free conversation. We asked questions, the people asked questions; we answered theirs, and they answered ours; and we thus found they would like to have a

Missionary and a school. Here is another splendid opening: A big village on the banks of a river, with smaller villages within easy reach. It is a great opportunity.

The rest of the day we spent in quiet converse and reading, and we felt we had worshipped God under our own "fig tree," with none to make us afraid, though hundreds of wild people were all around us.

I had quite forgotten to mention a little incident which touched me very much. Mrs. Kerswell had not been out in the open, but sat in the tent, as she had a little head trouble, during the time of service. When the people had moved away we noticed a company of women sitting at some distance, and staring with a fixed gaze that was painful to see. We went out to ascertain the cause; and found that in passing the tent they had caught sight of Mrs. Kerswell, and had dropped on the ground as though transfixed. They told us they had never seen a white woman before; and might they sit and look at her; would we drive them away if they did? No. They were quite welcome. She was a woman like themselves. They were invited to come nearer. And I must own that what

they saw was calculated to impress them. Mrs. Kerswell is a tiny lady with a sweet face, large eyes, and an abundance of fair hair. She had on a simple, neatly fitting, white dress; and as she sat in her folding chair, with these scantily dressed black figures before her on the ground, she presented as complete a contrast as the most lively fancy could picture. And yet, I believe, in my soul, that in her graces of character and life she is a beautiful prophesy of what these, her sisters, may become. She stepped forward, and spoke a few words to them in their own language. They held their breath from eagerness, and looked! and looked! again and again. Knowing what a great treat it is to them, and wishing to send them away with something in their hand, Mrs. Kerswell got a tin of salt and gave each woman a tea-spoonful; and after further looking, they slowly moved away to their own poor huts, with what to them was a strange vision of grace and beauty they will never forget. I have no doubt they will spend hours in thinking and speaking of what they have seen and heard to-day.

On Monday we stayed where we saw many

Photo by] SABLE ANTELOPE. *[C. T. Erikson.*

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indications of the presence of big game. And just as we were preparing to pack up one of the boys reported a herd of roan antelope in the plain behind us. We went through the trees, and sure enough there was the prettiest sight we had yet seen—from 15 to 20 fine creatures. I selected the largest bull I could see; but the range was long, 300 yards; that is long for me, who am out of practice, with failing sight; many sportsmen would have taken it easily at 600 yards, and more than that. I missed the vital spot and succeeded only in breaking one of its fore legs. A wounded animal at once separates from the herd, as though to give them a chance of getting off; and a humane sportsman will not shoot at anything else till he has secured the wounded. In stalking this huge creature my ammunition gave out, and I should have lost him, but for the help of Mr. Kerswell, who having dropped one, as the result of half-a-dozen shots, took up the chase for me. We gave one to the villagers, and kept one for our own use, and to barter for meal. We made the chief a good present at our next camping place, and secured some things we much needed.

We reached the river about 6.30. Found a trader's station here—a few huts; one for shop; one for store; one to live in, and two or three near the cattle compound for his native boys. I think he is a German-Jew; intelligent and civil, and much in favour of Missions, because they improve trade. Mr. Smith's proposed new mission will be about 20 miles from this; but he thinks it would be well to set up several instead of one, and that on both sides of the river. His candour was quite delightful. The people would soon buy cloth and blankets, if only the Missionaries would come; whereas he is now very much shocked to see the women around their fires with nothing on.

We invited him to supper. But he had just eaten a cold fowl—they are not much larger than partridges—but he sat and had a cup of tea with us. He gave us particulars about the road, and left us at bed-time, with the renewed hope we should fix up many Mission Stations on both sides of the river. I forgot to mention he gave us sweet milk for our supper and breakfast, which is always a great addition to our comfort in the forest.

CHAPTER VII.

Kafue to N'Kala.

Wednesday, September 2.

WE were moving early this morning hoping to do a good "trek" towards the Drift, which is 20 miles further up the river. But we soon began to encounter delays. In the first place we could not find the track; or, rather, we could find too many, some made by the trader's cattle, and some by the big game, of which the country hereabouts is full; and we were perplexed, not knowing which was the right track. We had at last to call up one of the trader's native boys to show us the road. Then we went forward and made fine speed for about two hours; when we found our leader had left the path, and taken us across some mealie gardens. We got into a stretch of deep sand, where the oxen stuck fast. There was nothing for it but to out-span for the day, as the sun was now high. We found good water and plenty of grass, which is generally the case where game abounds.

To-day brought us a still further discomfort; it proved to be the first real windy day I have experienced since reaching the country. We were camped in a stretch of recently burnt grass, and everything was soon covered with the ash. But you get to accept this kind of thing as a matter of course; and whether in your food, or clothes, or bed, or wherever it gets, it is all the same—a part of your experience.

When we started for our evening "trek" we got a chief to lead us into the right path. He had to take us about three miles, but he did it cheerfully, and we made him a present of a yard of calico and a piece of meat—a saddle of buck. He was well satisfied, and left us in great good humour. Now we were sure of the road, and made good headway, till we came to a place where we had to remove the stump of one tree and lop the head of another to get through. A waggon passes along this road at such wide intervals that in places it becomes overgrown, and has to be cut out afresh. This helps to make patience the chief condition of travel in this land of dense forests, and vast plains. About 9.30 we reached a lonely spot where the road

was bad, and the oxen could go no further. We had our supper, and in the security of a big fire went to bed, for we are in the land of lions and leopards, creatures not to be despised by weary travellers.

On September 3 we camped for the day under two beautiful wild fig trees, in front of a big native village. These villages consist, usually, of a set of squares, each square, I judge, under a head-man; but this one is a half circle. There is no crowding. In a number of places the huts are only one deep; in a few places two deep; and in only two or three places, three deep. It is 300 yards across the half circle. The trees under which we are camped are in the centre. It is really a pretty sight stretched out before us as far as nature is concerned—"only man is vile" —some of the huts are spacious, and look to be well built.

Our arrival at eight this morning caused great excitement. Men, women and children came out in great numbers to greet us, and watch our doings. Every movement seemed full of novelty and interest to them. My beard and long dressing gown came in for much remark; one would point from behind

another; a child would run to fetch an adult; and an old mother would bring a little one to behold the wonder; and so it went on. Mr. Kerswell was eyed with seeming respect, because of the authority he was exercising in issuing orders; but the wonder of wonders was still awaited. It came presently. Breakfast was ready, and Mrs. Kerswell stepped from the waggon to pass to the tent. They could not control their exclamations; and their gesticulations carried them out of themselves. The men were no-where, and nothing when the "better-half" appeared.

The chief was one of the first to approach us. He brought with his own hand a basket of sweet milk, just warm from the cow, as a present. He went back with a leg of buck, and a beaming face.

During yesterday's "trek" we fell in with a boy of this village, who was returning from the trader's, where he had been to make purchases for his people. He "trekked" with us during the night, and slept with our boys, and I have no doubt they fed him. He became very friendly; and as the road was bad to find, and we feared losing our way again, we asked him to go on with us and

show us the Drift. He was quite willing; and, indeed, seemed pleased to go. But when we were ready to make a start, an elder brother turned up, and objected. It now became apparent that he belonged to the chief's family; and, they, thinking we needed him very much, wanted to make a big thing of it. It is wonderful how much the world seems akin where selfishness is concerned. What would we give? Would we shoot them meat, or give them skins? No! We would give them a present. This did not satisfy them. Then Mr. Kerswell took his pocket compass out and showed them; and explained that if there was no road we could find our way by that. It could speak even in the night. This greatly impressed them, and they were content to let him go.

Friday, September 4.

A hunting party passed us to-day—Lord somebody. I did not take the trouble to enquire which of the noble families of Great Britain he represented; but he belongs to the Army, I believe; so has nothing much to do, and is out here with a friend for a few months' shooting, to fill in time, and, perhaps, to kill it.

Their equipment was ample—the finest span of oxen, 18—I have seen out of Cape Colony; tents, etc., three horses, and many servants. Their aim is record heads, and the slaughter they make is something dreadful.

We also passed a trader, visiting the villages to buy oxen. His average price is £2 per head. This is sometimes paid in money, and at other times in calico.

The Kafue is a fine river. Where we cross to-day is about 200 miles higher up than the railway station. Here from bank to bank is about 500 yards; but the river is low at this season, as there has been no rain since last March. On the north side quite 50 yards of the bed is dry sand. Then the water begins; shallow at first, then about knee deep; and on the south side to the bed of our waggon. The bottom is at first coarse sand; then it thickens until it is fine gravel. Where we entered the river the approach is easy. Indeed, the natives have made gardens down to the water's edge; but on the south side the bank is deep and steep; at least one in two. Our oxen passed over the dry sand with great labour. They took the water bravely; but when about 20 yards in they stuck fast.

CROSSING THE KAFUE.

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There was nothing for it but to unload the waggon. Accordingly all the boys were called up, and everything had to be carried on their heads to the other side. This took nearly two hours, and the sun was getting low, and we began to feel anxious that we should not extricate the waggon before dark. We now made a good start, and after many tries reached the south side. Now our real trouble began. The front wheels ran into the soft bank, and would not rise. A council of war was called. The last thing that meant weight was carried ashore. When all our effects were cleared out, first Mrs. Kerswell, and then myself, were carried high and dry on a sturdy native's shoulders; and even then the waggon still stuck, and we began to think we should have to take it to pieces, and carry it up bit by bit. By this time the sun was down, and out here darkness soon follows. There was still time for a final effort. An ox had fallen sick earlier in the day. This meant a pair had been out-spanned. These were brought up and added to the team. Ropes were attached to various parts of the waggon, and a last supreme effort made by all the human and brute force at our com-

mand. I am not even sure that Mrs. Kerswell did not add to the shout of it, when out came the waggon, and, without a stop—for that would have been disastrous—it was safely brought to the top of the steep bank. The load was soon replaced, and we quickly resumed our evening "trek," which was continued till ten o'clock.

From this point we sent a runner to Mr. Price, to tell him we should spend Sunday at N'Kala, and suggesting that, if convenient, he should meet us there.

We started our morning "trek" at five, hoping to reach N'Kala by eight. But here, again, the way proved longer and heavier than we anticipated, and we did not arrive at our destination till ten. Within three miles of the Mission we missed our way, and got into some native gardens, which resulted in another stick. Some natives, judging who we were, came and pointed out our mistake, and we found ourselves, to our great joy, presently approaching our N'Kala Mission.

CHAPTER VIII.

Work at N'Kala.

THE N'Kala Mission is situated on slightly rising ground, on the side of a grassy plain with a river running through it; and forest spreading out at its back. When we emerged from the forest on the opposite side of the plain the Mission presented a very pretty picture. In the fore-ground, as the most prominent feature, as I think should always be the case, is the large well-built Church. It is the best church I have yet seen in the country—not so nicely finished as the one at Nambala, but larger, and much more substantially built. The walls are of sun-dried bricks, two feet thick, with a verandah all round. This verandah greatly adds to the coolness of the building, and is a protection to the walls. Then the Mission house comes into view, and a number of superior looking huts. As you get nearer, you can distinguish the carpenter's shop, the saw pit, and other indications that it is a centre of many activities, which, in travelling

over a hundred miles, you have seen no sign of till now.

Before we reached the station, Ramathe, the Teaching Evangelist in charge, was out to receive us; and we did not need speech to proclaim our welcome, his beaming face was sufficient. We were soon out-spanned, tents pitched, open-air kitchen arranged; and while breakfast was being prepared we simply revelled in our morning ablutions. It was between eleven and twelve before we got our first meal; but when was a meal ever so sweet? Travel and hunger are a grand preparation for a good breakfast.

Early in the afternoon Mr. Price arrived from Nanzela, and the remaining hours of the day were spent in fellowship, for which the loneliness of the life out here is a sad preparation.

I have now had time to carefully look round the Mission. I need not say I have done so with great interest, and for several reasons. This was really our first Mission to a purely heathen people. I knew its honoured founders—Messrs. Buckenham and Baldwin. They had spent six months with me at Aliwal on their way up. I had assisted

them in their outfit, followed them in thought and prayer on their lonely and difficult journey, and now I have had actual experience of travel in the country which enables me still further to understand the toil and sacrifice of their life here. And now I am standing on the very ground where, with their lives in their hands, they laboured and suffered. For at the beginning the people were very unfriendly, and treated them with great suspicion. Here is the first little square hut Mr. Buckenham built. It has recently been re-thatched, but in other respects it is as he left it. It has a very high roof, which greatly added to its comfort, or rather lessened its discomfort; for if it had been low as well as small, it would have been intolerable. It was from this roof the poor fellow fell and received hurt, which, I have no doubt, hastened the end.

Two houses have disappeared from the station—the one occupied by Robert Moalosi fell into decay, from the ravages of the white ants, and the house Mr. Chapman occupied was dismantled when he removed to Nambala. There is a well-built house of two rooms with a verandah, built by Mr. Baldwin for a study

and surgery. It is occupied by Mr. Price when he visits the station, and during my brief stay I have the convenience and comfort of it.

A part of the plan of extension, three years ago, when Nambala was opened, was to make N'Kala an out station of Nanzela, with a Teaching Evangelist in charge. Since then the work has been in the hands of D. Ramathe, one of the young men sent from Aliwal. He was never a very quick student, but a nice fellow of excellent character. I am glad to find that the experiment (for this is the first station to be thus treated), has so far been a success. He was not one of my most successful men in the shop work, but since being thrown on his own resources, he has developed fair aptitude. He has built the house he lives in. It has three good rooms. It stands in an enclosure which secures it against the lions. He is now building a kitchen, and guest chamber, that he may have a room for a friend or brother teacher when he comes along. All this is the property of the Church. Mr. Price tells me that Ramathe has done the chief work in building the church, which reflects great credit on him and

BUILDING NEW CHURCH AT N'KALA.

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his helpers. There is an aspect of the devotion of this young native worker, which touches me very much. As in the case of the Europeans, the women and children suffer most here. He has lost two children, and his wife has had to go down country twice, because of her health. She has been in Basutoland now for some months, and to bear the medical and other expenses thus involved he is living on the coarse and common food of the people here. He has had neither bread nor meat for months. He cannot afford to buy flour; and although game is all about him, and he has a gun and rifle, he cannot get cartridges, and yet, without a murmur, the brave fellow sticks to his post. We invited him to dinner with us, and our bread ran short. I asked him if he could lend us a piece till our cook had baked; then he had to tell me of his position. It will never be known how much our work owes to these men. They bear great privations, and say nothing about it.

At eleven o'clock Sunday morning we held service. The church was not crowded, but it was a good congregation. The church leaves room for growth, as all new churches should.

It has three aisles, one in the centre and one on either side. The seats consist of walls built of sun-dried bricks, the height of a seat. This may sound very primitive, but it is a great advance on what the people are used to, for in their huts they sit on the floor. Most of the churches in Basutoland are thus seated. The window openings are filled in with well-made frames, but not glazed. The church is lofty and open to the roof. It was a hot day, and a good congregation, but no discomfort from heat.

The service was very impressive—no confusion—even the heathens are well behaved in God's House. The school children were in front, and they formed the choir, but the whole congregation joined in the singing. The sermon fell to my lot. Mr. Price, in their own language, told them that I was an old missionary, and had come to give them my blessing in their work. I gave a short address before preaching; told them I had always felt a great interest in their Mission; had known Mr. Buckenham and Mr. Baldwin, and all the men who had come to them; and that I had trained at Aliwal all the native workers that had come to them. Then

followed the good old story of "Jesus and His love." "My own son," as I called him, Ramathe, interpreted for me.

After service they all gathered at our waggon. They wanted to speak to the "Maruti Makanda" (the great or chief Missionary). I was the oldest Missionary they had ever seen, and with them age is greatness. Mr. Price facetiously observed, he wished my grey beard was in the market, it would be a great asset to him. Well, they began their talk. The chiefs and head men were in the front; and the people formed a big and wide circle. The front people did the talking. At first one chief did most of the talking; but as they warmed to the work, others lent a hand, until the whole of the front rank were taking a fair share. They began by thanking me for coming. They now saw a great (old) chief for the first time; and they knew he would be able to do what they wanted, etc. They all possess a lot of native diplomacy. When they begin to flatter you can be sure they are going to blame, or ask for some great thing. It was soon apparent they had a grievance, and that they could nurse it well. The policy of working this station was changed at the

time Nambala was started. Till then a native and European agent had been in charge; that is, in residence. It was felt by the men on the spot that the time had come when a good native agent would be sufficient. Accordingly, Mr. Chapman was released for Nambala, and Ramathe placed in charge, with what assistance could be given him from Nanzela, only 16 miles away—very near for this country. The results show that the change did not prejudice the work. The N'Kala Station has never been more promising than now. I was cognisant of these facts before the interview began, and was, therefore, ready with my answer. Their first complaint, came at the tail of a long speech in which had been mentioned the names of all the missionaries who had been here; their white missionary had been taken away, and they wanted another in his place. I replied with a speech equally long. I had known each of the honoured men they had mentioned. Indeed, they had all been with me at Aliwal before they came to them, etc. But this was a big country; I had already travelled more than 200 miles in it, and everywhere I saw many villages and people without

missionaries; and they were all equally our children, and we wanted them to have the Gospel; besides, they had been very slow to receive the Gospel. (The people making these complaints are still heathen.) The missionaries had worked hard and long, and they would not leave their old bad life. Mr. Chapman naturally felt he would like to try somewhere else, as there were so many people still waiting for the Gospel. And then they had not been left without help, Missionary Ramathe was with them. He was one of my own sons. I had trained him since he was a youth. He was a good teacher and preacher, and if they followed him he would lead them in the right way. And, then, Mr. Price was coming over from Nanzela, and his wife, too, to help them occasionally. So that they were still well provided for. Now this proved a wise reply, for it placed them on the horns of a dilemma; either they must accept the change, or go against my own gift in the person and work of Ramathe. Their natural courtesy would not allow them to do the latter, their inclination was dead against the former. But they are clever

talkers, and so they found a way out. Yes. They had nothing to say against Ramathe. His work was good. But there was much he could not do. They wanted a store on the Mission like they used to have in the white missionaries' time; so that they could bring their corn and get cloth to clothe their children for school, etc.

Now I had to explain that the conditions in the country had changed; that when the Missionaries first came, and for years afterwards, there was no Government and no Traders in the country. Now there were both, and the Missionaries could no longer keep a store. Here I may mention that the change is not quite to the advantage of the native. The Missionary used trade to supply his own needs; the trader to make profit, and a small one does not satisfy him, and this is at the cost of the native, and he knows it. So they said the store was far away, and the arrangement was not satisfactory. Here Mr. Price chimed in and reminded them that the Mission still bought its corn from them, and that they were in need now, and would take all that was brought to them. This proved an unlucky reference. Yes. They

could bring their corn, but could not get their pay. This I much resented. When had the Mission failed to pay? Now, in several parts of the crowd they declared debts had been standing since last May. I appealed to Mr. Price. Yes. He was very sorry to say it was true that they had not been able to pay ready cash. When pushing on the work of the new church, rendered the more urgent because the old church had fallen in, they ran out of cloth, and there was none at the time to be had at the store. Accordingly, they had to go into debt, or stop the work of the church. There was a surprise in all this for Mr. Price. He had secured cloth some time since, and sent it over to pay this debt, as he thought; but, as by this time Ramathe was in need of more corn, he had let the old debt stand, and used the cloth for present need. Meantime, in the thought of the natives, this debt, the first they had ever experienced, was put to the credit of the new management. As a new supply of cloth is on the way, I made a full explanation of the case to them, and assured them they would be shortly paid in full, and in future ready cash. They are real children. A little thing pleases them.

This was the only grain of real comfort they could have got out of the interview; and yet they went away greatly pleased, and giving me much credit.

We were now able to get our dinner in peace, after which I had a final walk around the Station. To me the most pathetic spot is the little graveyard. It is at the back of the Station, and under a fine tree, that, I am sorry to say, is dying branch by branch. The sacrifice of life on this Mission has been great. Dear little Elsie Buckenham was the first. The first Mrs. Pickering renders the spot still further sacred to us. But as far as numbers are concerned, however, the chief sacrifice has been made by our Aliwal native workers. Robert Moalosi has two children buried here; and the present Teacher, Ramathe, two; and, then Josaph, whose story of suffering and devotion I have often told, buried his wife here. The dear soul came over from Nanzela to nurse Mrs. Moalosi. She developed black-water fever and died in a few days after her arrival. I stood bare-headed at these graves and thanked God for the devout lives which had been given for the redemption of the heathen of this part of

THE FIRST MISSION HOUSE AT N'KALA, FROM THE ROOF OF WHICH THE LATE REV. H. BUCKENHAM FELL.

THE GRAVES AT N'KALA.

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Africa. It is a beautiful sacrifice, complete in its scope, for Christian England and Christianised Africa join hands in making it; and therein is typical of the final triumph of Christ, when all nations, and kindred, and people "shall crown Him Lord of all." These graves seal the country as ours, and are a pledge that the worst in the land may be saved. The forefathers of both races lying in those graves were more degraded than the poor blind souls around here; and what the dear old Gospel has done, it will do, and all Africa shall be saved.

CHAPTER IX.

A Week at Nanzela.

ON Sunday afternoon we bid adieu to the friends at N'Kala and started for Nanzela—Mrs. Kerswell in a mashila, I on a mule, and Messrs. Price and Kerswell on foot. I had not been in a saddle for at least six years, perhaps much longer, but we did not make more than five miles an hour; so no discomfort was to be expected. The boys with the mashila led, I followed, and we soon left the gentlemen behind; for although they are both strong fellows and good walkers, they could not do more than four miles an hour, as the road was very sandy. We reached home an hour before them. But they had their rifles and were perfectly safe.

We did not reach Nanzela till after sundown. The people of the station heard us approaching; for, as usual, the mashila boys were singing; and they all came down the road to meet and greet us. We found Mrs. Price awaiting us—a little lady of gentle speech and

gracious smiles; but, I am sorry to say, suffering much from the climate; and yet, abounding in courage, as in capacity for cheerful suffering. Her thoughtful kindness had provided a warm bath for each of us. It was a grateful advance on the ancient hospitality, in which only the feet of visitors received such attention. After the heat of the day, and the dust of the journey, it was equal to hours of rest.

Monday morning I was up early anxious to inspect the Mission. I began with the Mission House. The present one is the second in succession, and was built by Mr. Smith. It reflects great credit on him. One wonders how he was able to combine so much practical work with so much literary work.

His grammar is a monument of research and industry; I go into the schools and find the children reading the Scripture stories he wrote; and in the services they use mostly hymns he composed; and then his greatest work of all is the translation of the Scriptures. And yet I am being entertained in a model Mission house built by him.

The house is lofty, spacious and convenient. It will be sufficient for the next 20 years. The

doors and windows were imported; all the rest has been created on the spot. And then, he made much of the furniture. I am sitting at a study table which would adorn any study at home; there are convenient and well-finished book-shelves on three sides of the study, and in the dining-room there is quite a handsome side-board, stained and varnished, beside which there are ornamental tables and cabinets. Most of these things are made from the timber of his packing-cases. The house has a verandah all round it, and looks what it really is—a home of convenience and comfort.

The church is old and not very good. It is built of sun-dried bricks, but the walls are thin and low. Its roof is in fair repair, and it will last a few years yet. But I feel sure the growth of the station, after a time, will demand a larger and better church.

The old Mission house is now used as a surgery, and a spare room; I have suggested to Mr. Price that if a little was spent on the spare room, it would make a good guest chamber. They are short of bedrooms in the new house. A round hut, a good one, is used as a store.

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There is a carpenter's shop. No station could be complete without this. Also a saw-pit under a big tree, where the trees are cut into the size and shape required. A cart house, and a few small huts for offices, complete the home cluster of buildings. The whole is enclosed by a strong stake fence, which helps to give protection against the wild animals.

Tuesday, September 8.

This morning Mr. Price and I had a walk round the grounds. A few hundred yards from the station there is an extensive plain headed by the river. Many parts of it at present are rather bare; but in the rainy season it is under water, and then, later, full of long grass. The river is from 30 to 40 feet wide, and in some places very deep. It has in it plenty of fish, a good many croks, and a few hippo. It could be easily utilised for garden purposes by means of a wind-mill pump. We also walked round the garden. Some of the native people of the station have gardens near the river. They grow maize, Kaffir-corn, and cassava—a kind of root which does not require much cultivation, and can stand the dry season. It is

dried, then reduced to flour by stamping, and made into cakes or porridge. Mr. Price's garden is between the river and the house. He is going in extensively for fruit trees—oranges, lemons, plums, apples, grapes, and others. Mrs. Price has a taste for flowers, and these are being cultivated. We are now approaching the end of winter, but the spring has not commenced. The time of flowers and fruits, is not yet; and before then I shall be gone. But I can imagine what it will be like—a very paradise.

Wednesday, September 9.

This morning Mr. Price took me round to some of the out-buildings.

The school children live on the station. They vary in age from five to thirty. Eight are married, and have their own homes. Until recently they have been living in the usual round hut. Mr. Price has made a new departure by starting them to build square houses. I went round to-day and had a look at them. One is finished; a good house of three rooms, with a good roof. The roof is extended beyond the walls, and supported from the ground by posts,

thus forming a covered way, or verandah around the house. Even in this the influence of the Missionary's example is seen; for the house is really a baby Mission house. Then the element of healthy rivalry comes in; for the boy who has most recently begun to build is evidently bent on building the best house. It looks as though this house, in some respects, will be equal to that occupied by the teacher. This, to those at a distance, may seem a small matter, but it is really very great, and shows that they have left the indecencies of their old life leagues behind. The younger children live together—the boys on one side of the teacher, the girls on the other. The girls, until recently, occupied some old huts. Now they have a nice square house, well thatched, and carefully enclosed, with ample yard space.

The boys still occupy an old house built long ago by the teacher Joseph. But a new house for them is Mr. Price's next move. The present is not only dilapidated beyond repair, but is too small. Twenty boys crowded into a small space is not healthy.

The young men among the pupils are the servants of the Mission, and support them-

selves while they are getting their education. The children, until recently, had to feed and clothe themselves. This meant that they had occasionally to go home to fetch their food, and it happened as often as not that they did not return. For it must be remembered that many of the parents do not want them to be in school, and are often opposed to it. Mr. Price found that he could feed them for a penny per day, and, of course, their clothing is very slight; although it is made up so tastefully by Mrs. Price, that they look very nice. The extra cost is already partly, and will eventually, be fully recouped by the work they do; for both boys and girls work out of school hours. But the gain to the proper work of the Mission is immense. It secures regular attendance, it keeps them from their heathen associations in the evenings; and, instead, retains them in sweet and wholesome physical and moral environment. I believe the arrangement will greatly conserve the higher results of our work.

When a teacher was wanted for this school four years ago, we had not one ready to leave the school at Aliwal; but through the influence of Ramathe, who was then down for his health,

I was able to secure one from Basutoland. Kemuel is his name. He is still here and doing a good work. He had no industrial training, and felt this a great disadvantage at first; and even now he is not of the same service he would be if he had been thus trained. He takes no part in the work out of school hours; whereas Robert and Ramathe take the direction of it, and do a good deal themselves. The defect is also seen in his own house. He built it himself, and tells me Mr. Smith helped him in the roof; but, while it is fairly good, it is much inferior to that built by Ramathe at N'Kala. He is, however, a good teacher and evangelist.

There has been no European on this station for several years who had received a technical training. Mr. Smith received a good deal of help in this respect at Aliwal, and signs of it are present in every room of the house he built; but he did not receive enough to make him an expert. Mr. Price has received none whatever, though showing great handiness. Their tools, therefore, especially their saws, have got into a bad condition. We are putting them in good order—Mr. Kerswell the pit-saws, and I the hand-saws. It was a work

of time, and I may add, a work of love. So we have a turn in the work-shop each morning.

I used one morning in visiting the School. 59 were in attendance. They were divided into four classes. I went carefully through their work. The text books are in their own language. I could only judge of the fluency of their reading, and this was very good. I saw the slate and copy-book work, and heard their singing. The order and conduct of the school is excellent, and the work I could judge was very satisfactory. The register is well kept, and the average of attendance high. Seven of the top boys are taken in English three times a week by Mr. Price. This is a new arrangement, but three of them are showing that they are apt pupils.

Towards evening we had a sail down the river. It is a native boat—what is called a "dug out"; that is, they take a solid tree the right size and length, and by means of their small axes they hollow them out, and bring them to the right shape. The one we went in is about 20 ft. long. The natives do the paddling standing, and they can go at a great rate. These are the kind of boats used

by the natives on the Zambesi; and it was one of these a hippo. upset when poor Buckenham lost his camera, and came near losing his life.

This afternoon the weekly class meeting was held. As in other services, singing takes a prominent place. We opened by singing two hymns, sitting. The only attitudes throughout were sitting and kneeling. Two of the women offered prayer. Then another hymn, and a portion of Scripture on prayer, in which occurs: "Ask and receive, &c." Another hymn, and an address by one of the two young men who help in the outside work, Samuel, by name. The address lasted about ten minutes, and was delivered with surprising ease, grace and fluency. It was founded on the portion read. Another hymn, two more prayers, and the Benediction. It was a beautiful little service, highly calculated to promote spiritual life and fellowship. I ascertained that their prayers are very simple and direct, and full of beautiful confidence.

I have seen many sunrises and sunsets in this country. The former is what many people do not often see at home; and I do not want to take too much credit for it out here. But when travelling you often get it without

choice. It comes about in this way. We do two "treks" a day—one in the early morning, starting an hour or two before sunrise; and the other in the evening, starting two hours before sun-down. So you get abundant opportunity to observe both the beginnings and endings of the days. This I have done with great interest. This is the long dry season up here. I have seen no cloud since coming to the country. The sun is never obscured. We often have very lovely sunsets down in the south; but there is a feature of beauty here I have never seen before; for half an hour or so, before the sun disappears below the horizon, it ceases to cast a shadow, and you can look steadily into its face. It is like a ball of deep red fire, and often appears as big as a waggon wheel. Its colour gradually deepens, until the whole western sky is glorified by the reflection. The same is true of the sunrise, when the eastern sky is equally beautiful. Saturday afternoon Mr. Price was printing some photos. This has to be done in the shade. I had previously called his attention to the above feature of the sun-set; and he now noticed that although the sun was still

quite high above the horizon, there was not light enough to print.

Mrs. Price holds a sewing class on her verandah once a week. Most of them are married women. They have their babies with them; but even the babies seem to give but little trouble. I was sitting in the study writing, and did not know they were there, until, just before they finished their work, Mrs. Price came and asked if I would like to see them. Then I went out and saw fourteen of them busy at work. I went round and looked at what they were doing. As far as I could judge, they were making great progress. Mrs. Price has taught one of the women to work the sewing machine. And when they put a new calico ceiling in the dining room, this woman did the seams. This means a revolution in their social life.

News came during the week of the death of a young mother, who had been living on the Mission, but had gone to her people to be confined. She was a fine, healthy woman, and her death comes as a great surprise. Mr. and Mrs. Price are very concerned about the child. They do not know whether it is alive or not; but all the chances

are against it. They do not under such circumstances, openly murder the child, as before the Missionaries came, but it is neglected, and allowed to pine away and die. Mrs. Price has sent out to the village, hoping to rescue the child, if yet alive. The women were just in time, and early one morning Mrs. Price came into the study with a beaming face to show me a little black mite rolled up in her apron. It is a little boy, and if it had been her own it is difficult to see how she could have been more excited. While I am writing she is giving it its first bath, and it is lifting up its strong voice in stout protest; but it is only the beginning of a life that will be physically clean, at all events; and I pray it may grow up under the fostering care of the Mission to be "a seed to serve Him, and a generation to call Him blessed."

As the result of careful enquiries, I have no doubt the child owes its life to the influence of the Mission. Mr. Kerswell tells me that if the case had happened at Nambala the child would have been buried with its mother before they would have known anything about it. It has been the custom of generations. In their wild state they have no idea of artificial

THE MOTHERLESS CHILD AND ITS FATHER.

A HALF-CASTE BOY RESCUED BY THE MISSION.

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feeding. To them, therefore, nothing is more natural than that mother and child should be together in death. The Mission at Nambala is only three years old; and while those in immediate touch with it are being influenced for good, especially in the elementary decencies of life, those in the remote districts are as yet scarcely touched. Whereas, in the case of the older Missions, as here at Nanzela, the whole district has been lifted to some extent; with the result that many of their more shameful heathen practices have been discontinued, and others are observed as by stealth. While this is far from all we wish, it is a great gain, and a preparation for something better. This child is a case in point. The father has been sometime on the Mission, and pleaded that they were the children of the Moruti, and thus the child was saved.

CHAPTER X.

A Sunday at Nanzela.

SUNDAY, September 12, was a great day at Nanzela. I wish I could fully describe it. I was up early. The whole atmosphere of the morning was rest and quiet. This in itself is a great result. I have spent two Sabbaths in villages, and among people where every day is alike; and I am able to appreciate the difference. I have been here now six working days, and have noticed that they are very busy. They begin at sun-rise by the ringing of the bell which calls the people to work, and they do not work quietly. They sing at their work, and shout in concert; so that there is not only activity, but noise, and sometimes more noise than activity. But this morning every one was quiet, clean, and dressed in their best, and I was delighted to notice there was no needless work in the Mission House. The necessary cooking had been done the previous day. Saturday afternoon had been a time of preparation for the Sabbath. I am old fashioned enough to

think this is as it should be. The Evangelists came to supper with us after the day's work was done. We spent the evening together on the verandah. Ramathe spoke of his Aliwal days; asked why I did not bring the old Mrs., his mother, with me. I explained to him the trouble of the Mexican, and that the sea gave her trouble. He said I must give him her address, and he would write to her. And then he mentioned a very little thing which had ever since influenced him. He said Mrs. Butt found him one Sunday morning washing his handkerchief which he should have done the previous afternoon. She looked at him, and said: "Dionysius, is this what you are going to teach those poor people to do at the Zambesi." He had never forgotten it, and he said he had never disregarded it. And from the feeling with which he spoke I quite believe him.

As a part of the preparation for the Sabbath, after prayers Saturday evening, the bell rang for a long time. Indeed, the boy was singing a hymn while he rang, and he rang till he had finished the hymn. I had to enquire what this meant, as it was new, and I found that this is done to let the people know that

to-morrow is Sunday. Messengers go round on Saturday to warn the villagers; but the bell is used as a further help, in case travellers should be passing within sound, they also may know and carry the news. No stone is left unturned to help the people who have no clocks, no calendars, and, without the Missionary, no knowledge of the day.

At ten o'clock this morning the bell rang for the first time. This was an hour before service time, and was to tell the people they should be getting ready. Some of the villagers had begun to arrive long before this. Many of them take the opportunity of coming early to visit their friends on the station. At eleven the church was packed. The women sit on the right and men on the left, as you enter the church. This church has three aisles—one in the centre, and one on either side. All the seats were full, and people sitting along each of the side aisles. It was the best balanced congregation I have seen. Generally, there are more men than women; but at Nanzela they are about equal; a sign, I hope, that the women are coming to their own through the gospel.

The Christians, the school children, and

the seekers, I was glad to notice, were nicely clothed. But many of the heathen, including some of the head-men, were dressed only in a small skin or piece of cloth. The clothing is a great problem. They do not need much to secure their comfort, and to secure even a little is very difficult and costly at present.

Good order and reverence characterised the whole service. One little peculiarity I noticed. There are no windows to the church—only framed openings. When anyone wanted to spit or relieve his or her nose, they would quietly move towards the nearest window opening, and leaning far out so as to hide the head, would take the relief they needed. I could mention a European race down South, many of whom would not take this trouble to be decent, even in church.

It is well to avoid long exercises in the service. So the prayers, lessons, and two addresses, were all interspersed with hymns. Most of the latter are short, and the tunes are quick and bright. Their singing is very good; and I was pleased to notice that the heathen took their full share in this part of the service. We had two addresses. Mr.

Kerswell took the first—a gospel address; then I addressed them. I think I have before explained that my age and grey hair stands for much with them. I have tried to use this to enhance their value of the work that is being done for them, and of the opportunities that are within their reach. For example, I told them of my visit to the school on Thursday, and to the class on Friday, and how delighted I was with what I saw in each case. Then I went on to tell them how sorry I was that more of them were not using these privileges; that as I went through their villages I saw many children running wild that ought to be in school; that some before me even were, like myself, getting old and grey, and had not yet received the gospel. Then I appealed to the chiefs and headmen to be the true fathers of their people by accepting the gospel and sending their own children to school. It is along these lines chiefly that I am hoping my visit will strengthen the hands of the Missionaries. At the close of my sermon at N'Kalā, last Sunday, I made a similar appeal; and Ramathe, the teācher, has reported that it has alreādy brought him more scholars.

I shall not soon forget the service—the crowd of eager faces; the strained attention; and the very evident presence and power of God. Most of the people here are Barotse; and I must say they are a fine, good looking people. Many of them have very nice features, and the thick lips and flat nose are not much in evidence. It is easy to see that many who are yet heathen are much influenced by the Mission. As a recent token, I may mention that three or four young fellows come over from a village two miles away to attend evening worship. Sometimes they come riding their oxen, which they tie to a tree a little way from the Mission, and sometimes they walk. It is a pleasing sign, and may be a forerunner of much that will cheer the workers.

At four o'clock we had a combination service—an English service and the Lord's Supper. And we tried to make one prepare for the other. I preached in English on the great love of God as seen in the gift of Jesus. Then I had the great joy of presiding at the Lord's Supper. We had the Commandments, suitable scriptures, and hymns in the language of the people; and then the

emblems. This is really a church in the desert. For hundreds of miles round, these are the only baptised Christians. They are ten in number, but they are the earnest of tens of hundreds, yea, thousands; that will follow, as surely as the sun will rise in the morning. I could not help remember that 37 years ago, the membership of our Aliwal Native Church was smaller; now it is 680. How ever long a kind Providence may spare me, I shall always be able to see the scene of this afternoon. The five native women, one with a baby in her lap, all of them well dressed; the five native men, all able to use their hymn-book, and read the Scriptures; and at least two of the women were doing this. Their devout attitude, the intense feeling depicted on their expressive faces, and at the close, their offering placed on the plate, an amount, as compared with their income—a shilling—which was at once a rebuke and inspiration to those of us who had inherited a thousand years of Christian nurture. There were also present the two native agents, Mr. and Mrs. Price, and Mr. and Mrs. Kerswell. I think we all felt it to be a most gracious season.

MISSION HOUSE, NANZELA.

MISSION CHURCH, NANZELA.

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After supper, the Evangelists said they would like to speak with Mr. Price and myself about the work. We went out on the verandah, and spent two hours with them in the cool of the evening. Ramathe was the spokesman, perhaps because he knows me best, and has a little advantage in the matter of English. We had noticed that they were much moved at the Lord's Supper this afternoon. Ramathe now said that the condition of the people was on their hearts. They felt they were not doing enough for the heathen outside. They had come to ask that they might be allowed each to go and settle in some heathen village, to live and work among the people. They both named a village—one about 20 miles from here, and another still further, where they knew some of the people, and where they had reason to believe the people would be willing to receive them. We were both touched by their spontaneous expression of true missionary zeal; Mr. Price was especially pleased, because some such plan had been in his own mind, and when, sometime ago, he named it to Kemuel, he had shrunk from it, and much preferred the safety and comfort of Nanzela. They must

be under a great pressure of duty and interest to make such an offer.

In the first place they are in greater danger from the people than Europeans are. The simple folk up here think a white man knows everything, and can do everything. He is regarded with a certain measure of superstition. This is a protection to him. They do not thus regard an educated black man, as our friend Diphooko found to his cost, when he came near losing his life, at the hands of natives. Our native agents know this. Their offer, therefore, is not without a measure of courage. Then, too, it means that they are willing to leave good homes, and settled conditions of life and work; and commence where there is nothing but wild people and heathen conditions. They will have to build their own house, church, and whatever else is needed. Service has evidently fitted them for higher and fuller service.

We said all we could to encourage their plan. But, of course, had to show them that their present posts must be filled first. This means the employment of two new native agents; and this cannot be done without the

sanction of the General Missionary Committee as it means additional outlay; but we shall both strongly recommend it to the Committee. It would constitute a new departure in our work here. We have a case where a station founded by a European is manned by a native, and as an experiment it is far from being a failure. It is Ramathe and N'Kala. But we have no example of a station founded by a native agent; that is, up here; we have plenty such in the south, and a number on our Aliwal Mission; and I do not know one that has not been successful. If it can be made a success here it will greatly help the solution of our great problem, which is largely one of expense; for where one European can be supported, four well-trained native agents can be supported.

I was glad to find there are two young men at Nanzela who help in evangelistic work; and Mr. Price is doing his best to help them in their preparation for the work. In the study of the Scriptures, in elementary sermonising, and in the general direction of their readings, he is giving them regular assistance; keeping well in view the ultimate goal—their full equipment for the work. But meantime we

must still get help from the south, and the more of this the better. In most things it is quite as efficient as European agency, and very much cheaper; so that in this way our money is made to cover very much more ground. To a church of our limited means this should be a first consideration. The founding of Missions, and the general oversight, should be in the hands of Europeans, and the more experienced they can be the better. But the chief of the work should be done by these trained natives, and experience shows that they only need to be treated with respect and confidence, as brothers and coworkers, to make trustworthy and successful agents. Both Mr. Price and Mr. Kerswell tell me they would have been helpless in their work, but for the glad co-operation of their native brethren.

CHAPTER XI.

Nanzela to Kasanga.

Wednesday, September 16.

IT was a part of my plan to visit Sejobas; but news had reached me here that they are short of food in the district; and that I should need to take food enough for the return journey of my carriers. This would greatly increase the labour and cost of the journey, and as the danger is that Mr. Fell will have to stop work and pay off his people, my chief purpose in going would be prevented. It was to help him in the finish of his house and church. I have, therefore, been obliged to decide it would be unwise for me to attempt Sejobas.

Before leaving England, Mr. Smith much pressed me to visit the neighbourhood of his proposed new Mission—Kasanga. I am now able to make this visit. We made a start this morning. Mr. Price has been wanting to make an Evangelistic visit in that direction for some time, and he is taking advantage of my presence to make it now. He promised

Mr. Smith some time ago that he would try to get over, and explain to them why his coming had been delayed. Because they expected him about last March—or at the end of the rainy season. Mr. Price is on mule back, and I am in the mashila. The distance from Nanzela to Kasanga is about 60 miles. We expect to do from 18 to 20 miles a day.

We commenced the journey by crossing a vast plain, most of which is under water in the rainy season, and which is soon after covered with grass seven feet high. What was left of this after the feeding of the summer, has recently been burnt. The plain is now covered with short grass of recent growth. I have before mentioned that although there has been no rain since last March, there are tokens everywhere of returning spring, and this young grass is one of them.

Our first halt was a village about six miles on our way. We rested under a fine fig tree in the centre of the village. The chief and his head men were soon in evidence to salute and welcome us. We did not stay long, as we had not yet reached the place of our noon-

day rest. When he knew that I was the "Maruti Makanda," he at once became extravagant in his requests. He asked that I would give him medicine to keep his oxen from dying. They make no provision for feeding their cattle in winter; and, as a result, they lose many of them at this season. I told him I had no medicine that would prevent them from dying; but I could tell him a way that would be much better. Instead of burning the grass to get at the game, they should cut it at the end of the Summer, and bring it home near their kraals; and then in winter, when the cattle came home from the veldt at sun-down, they were to give them a little; and this would keep them in good condition, and they would not die. They died not for the want of medicine, but for the want of sufficient food. I backed up this by telling him what I had seen in Southern Rhodesia; where they not only thus secured food for the cattle, but sent much away down country, and made a market of it. I strongly advised Mr. Price to set the example in providing for the mission cattle in this way. Hundreds of tons are burnt every year in the plain alone referred to.

If only a small fraction of it was carefully made into hay the cattle could be well fed.

At noon we reached another large village, and camped for three hours. We had a light meal, cake and tea, which is to take us through to the end of the day's "trek." The head men came out to see us; but their chief is old and blind. After we had rested a time, we went into the village to see him. He came to the door of his hut to speak to us. As he sat there on his haunches, he was a pathetic figure—old, grey, feeble, and his shrunken limbs and face drawn out of their original shape. He was also hard of hearing, so that his chief wife, who sat at his side, had to repeat to him what was said. Mr. Price gave him a little English tobacco, which greatly delighted him. He asked a small present of calico to complete his dress. The huts were very poor, and the surroundings of the village were everything that one would not desire. The kraal for the cattle was in the centre, and this seemed the cleanest part of the place. I have no doubt the age and feebleness of the chief have something to do with this, but while left to themselves they do not show much desire for improvement.

We were late in reaching our camping place this evening. I never thought I was so heavy as since I have been travelling in the mashila. I have only six boys, and I ought to have at least eight, and better still if there were ten. But we were disappointed just at the last of four boys, so we have to do the best we can. Whether travelling by mashila or waggon, I always aim at doing two hours on foot—one in the early morning, and one in the evening. We started this afternoon at two, and at four I alighted, expecting we should reach the end of our day's journey by five. But it proved longer than we thought, and the roads were very sandy; so that at five we were a long way off, and I was tired and hot; and as the sun was near the horizon, I put on an extra garment, and entered the mashila. The road got worse for sand, and so narrow that I had to watch for the thorns to save my face and hands. It was long after dark when we reached our camping ground—it was near a village, and under two fine trees—one a fig, the other a thorn tree. Our kitchen boys missed the track in the darkness, and did not reach us till eight o'clock. We could get

nothing to eat or drink till they came; and we were in a very bad way: "Dead with hunger," as the natives say; for we had only had a cup of tea and small veldt cake since our seven o'clock breakfast. However, our cook can make things hum, when his own hunger, as well as his master's need, urge him on. We made a huge supper; which, after a tarry around the camp fire, and singing and prayers, was followed by bed. The wind had gone down with the sun, and as the night was warm we slept with our tent doors open. I hope we slept the sleep of the just; we certainly did of the tired.

Next morning we made a start at 6. I began with an hour's walk. It was cool and lovely. At 8 we reached a big village I was anxious to see. It is 23 miles from Nanzela, and our people had been giving it services as an out-station for the last six months. They visit it about once a month. It is where, I think, the teacher, Kemuel, should be placed.

The village is about three-fourths of a vast circle. A very fine thorn tree is near the middle. We chose this as our camping ground, for an hour or so, as we wanted to

interview the chief and head men. They soon came to salute us. The chief, Shaloba, is about 50, a tall, good-looking man, with clean cut features. The magistrate, Mr. Dale, thinks well of him, and so do the Missionaries and Evangelists. There are many indications about the village that he is above the average as a ruler. Their huts are superior; and many of them are new, and others comparatively new; showing that he will not allow them to live in tumble down places. His own huts are very large. We went into his last new one; it is only half thatched as yet, but is already occupied; but this does not mean much in a country where from choice we sleep with one end of our tent open. If they get the roof covered by the time the rains come that will be sufficient. This hut is 30 ft. in diameter. It is lofty and airy. He has one chair, the gift of the Magistrate. This he placed at my service with great pride. I noticed that over the door way, inside, he had suspended two rings made of bark. They were neatly made, and linked together. I became suspicious and enquired what they were for. In all seriousness he told me they were "medicine" to

give him power with the people. We told him that the only power worth having as a ruler was that which belonged to his own character and life. But I fear this was too abstract and ideal for his comprehension, and he would still use his long-tried medicine. And after all, he is not so far behind the people who in good faith place horse-shoes over their doors to bring them good luck; and these abound in the civilised parts of South Africa.

This chief has shown his friendship to the Mission, by sending four of his children to the Nanzela School—three boys and a girl. I told him I was glad to hear he had children at school; that I strongly approved his having a teacher near his village; and that I should recommend it to our Church at home. He said the great chief had brought him "good news to-day"; that he would send his own children, and use his influence with his people to send theirs; and then, to the surprise of myself and Mr. Price, he said he would see that the children were fed. At Nanzela, and Nambala and, indeed, at N'Kala, too, we have to feed the children to retain them in school. They have to work out of school

SHALOBAS, WHERE THEY WANT A SCHOOL AND CHURCH. *To face page* 192.

hours, which may be regarded as an equivalent for their food. The promise of the chief, therefore, in this matter of food indicates a great advance in the interest of the people in getting their children educated. This will make a good place for Kemuel, who gets on well with chief and head men, and would be accepted by the people. There are smaller villages within easy reach; and these would be influenced by the attitude and example of the chief.

Our next "trek" was only four miles. We would not have taken our noon rest so soon, but there is no water at a convenient distance beyond. We camped under another fig tree. It measured 26 ft. 6 in.; and the head extends from the trunk 50 ft. all round. This village is not large, but compact. The chief came out. We told him of the prospect of a school at Shalobas. He was much pleased, and said they should be able to send their children, and sometimes attend the services.

We did a long afternoon's "trek" of four hours. The last hour I walked. We reached the Camp (Magistracy) at sun-down, and were received with great hospitality.

Friday, September 18.

This morning we had a good look round the camp. It is pleasantly situated on rising ground, covered with park-like trees and shrubs. The soil is very sandy, but so far as any cultivation has been done, it is fruitful. It is near the south bank of a lagoon of the Kafue. This extends about six miles from the river, and in several places it is fully 500 yards wide. Crocodiles, hippopotami, and fish are plentiful. It is a fine stretch of water.

We were unfortunate in missing the Magistrate. He was away for a fortnight up his district, which is a very large one. Mr. Watson, his assistant, was in charge, and did the honours for us. We spent a day and two nights in camp, and resumed our journey greatly refreshed and rested.

The camp, in most respects, resembles the Mumba camp, which I have previously described; with this difference, there are not so many police and no forts. It is just a magistracy; there are not therefore so many huts. There is no square house in the camp. There is one, however, in course of erection; but this is for a stable.

The court-house is the most primitive I have seen. It consists simply of a roof supported with stakes, and a fourth of the circle, that portion behind the bench, is filled in with reeds, and plastered. The court, therefore, is open to view on all sides, excepting the back. The residential huts are nicely built in the usual inexpensive way, with a reed enclosed verandah around them. They are cool, and healthy. I remarked to Mr. Watson that the roof of his hut was nicely done. The spaces between the rafters had been nicely filled in with reeds, and the thatch neatly laid on and dressed. He said, "Yes, it is a very good roof, but a calico ceiling would be a great comfort." The Government in North-west Rhodesia cannot be charged with extravagance.

Most of the police are married men, and have their wives and families with them. Natives though they be, this is the most homelike part of the camp, for women and children were in evidence. The Europeans are all bachelors, and live a very solitary life. Their servants are the rough native boys of the country; and have only received the training in house and kitchen work, which their

masters have been able to give. Our host was in the trying position of having a new cook, or rather, a new boy, who was trying to cook. Some of his mistakes were at once laughable and vexatious. For example, his master told him the other day to open a tin of cheese. He did so forthwith, and put it in the pot and boiled it. In honour of our breakfast a tin of fresh butter was opened. It was then placed in the kitchen, where the sun could shine on it all day, with the result that when we came to our evening meal it was a pot of oil. The astonished and innocent look on the boy's face was worth the loss of the butter. But in spite of these little irregularities we received royal entertainment at the Namwala Camp.

We could have resumed our journey by land or water. We were able to choose the latter, through the kindness of Mr. Watson, who not only placed his boat at our service, but accompanied us.

It was rather a stiff day—24 miles, but was relieved a little by being down the river. We had a Canadian canoe paddled by four boys; and a dug-out paddled by two. We started at 6.30, and went till 9.30, when we

landed at a trading station, and had breakfast. By this time we were both hungry and thirsty; and I think we must have given our cook great satisfaction; for we cleared up everything he brought on the table excepting the bread, and there was so little of that left he said he would have to bake in the evening. We now made another good stage down river, and then came to about a mile of rapids, where I and the cook landed, and walked to the further end, and where we made a fire and got tea ready. The others had to take to the water, and pilot and drag the boats between the rocks. As we were now within an hour's row of our camping place, we decided to rest till about four.

The river varies a good bit in width, from two hundred and fifty to five hundred yards. Its banks are mostly covered with a great wealth of vegetation and timber; some of the scenery is beautiful beyond comparison. The river abounds in all kinds of wild fowl—cranes in great variety, ducks, and geese in countless flocks. We had no shot gun with us, or we could have filled the boat. Mr. Watson is an expert shot, and knocked over two birds with his big game rifle—one a fine

spur-wing goose, which would be at least 20 lbs. Crocodiles and hippopotami are plentiful. A fine old bull of the latter class showed his head very near to us towards the end of our voyage. There was a scramble for the rifles. The boat was stopped ; and a wait made for him; but the old fellow had evidently caught sight of us, and was in no mood to be caught napping. For although he can remain under only a given time, when he had perforce to come to the surface, he did it so cautiously that only the slightest eddy could be seen in the water, and there was no chance of a shot.

As we approached the end of our voyage we saw two natives in a dug-out boat fishing. They both stand up in the boat, one to paddle, the other to fish. The fisher stands at the head of the boat, and watches for the fish. As the boat is moving forward at a moderate rate, he throws his spear—one made expressly for this sport, thin and barbed—into the shoal of fish. They had not been at it long when we came up to them. They had already caught three. We bought them for dinner.

We reached our camping place shortly

before sun-down, and found my mashila bearers and the rest of the carriers had been there long enough to have the tents up, beds made, wood collected for the cook and everything ready for our night's rest. While dinner was being prepared, we got a good wash; and heard from our boys the news of the neighbourhood. This proved to be a little exciting; for we found that in addition to being near the crocodiles and hippopotami, a lion was prowling round, and had bitten an ox, and a shepherd had seen him on the plain this very day. Presently, the head man came to salute us, and make a present. We sought further information, and got another, and, I judge, the true version. No ox had been bitten, but the lion passes this way to the river to drink most evenings. But this did not prevent us sleeping with our tent doors open, or our sleeping soundly during the night.

Without exception, the fig tree under which the boys had pitched our tents is the largest I have yet seen. It measured 36ft. in circumference; its limbs and head are in proportion. The trunk is not very high. The Magistrate,

when on circuit, and has to hold a court at this village, holds it under this tree. It must have been like coming home to Mr. Watson.

Sunday, September 20.

We are about eight miles from Kasanga, and as we are anxious to hold service there this evening, we decide to rise early, and do most of the journey before the heat of the day comes on. Accordingly, we make a good breakfast, and are on the road by 6.30.

We are now camped at a small village, where we shall have lunch, and rest awhile, and then go into Kasanga soon enough to get our tents pitched for the night, and hold an evening service. We cannot get them during the day, unless they knew we were coming; they are in their fields, and out in the forest during the day; but in the evening, when they know of our arrival, they will gather in great numbers.

We left our camping ground about three o'clock, and reached Kasanga at four-thirty. In approaching the village, we had to cross a vast open plain, with a grove of palms stretching along one side of it. The village is behind this grove; or rather, it is a series

of villages, extending the whole length of a sandy rise, with gardens interspersed between them. There are more people near together than I have seen in any other part of the country. I have a letter from the Magistrate, in which he says that a mission here would touch 10,000 people. Of course, this would include out-stations.

CHAPTER XII.

Kasanga as Site for a New Mission.

THE news of our arrival at Kasanga soon spread; and the chiefs and head men, of whom there are many, came to salute us. The head chief is a man of about 55, turning a little grey. He has an air of refinement about him, supported by the smallest hands I have ever seen a native to possess, and clean-cut fine features, with a slight ascetic cast, and very plausible manners. His present was a very small quantity of corn, about enough for our mule's supper. The second in command was a slightly stout man, with bald head, and round mild face. He appeared kind and motherly; and his present showed his generosity—a good basket of nicely ground meal. The next in order was a tall bony man, deeply pock-marked, with big eyes, and an intense eager temperament. Moreover, he seemed to lead in the honesty of his expression, and the straighforwardness of his manner. The next man was full of health and strength, but much younger

than the before named. The head men presented nothing very remarkable beyond their number. But they were all of fine physique.

Our interview was full of interest. They could remember Mr. Price had come with Mr. Smith; and they could remember a part of the hymn Mr. Smith tried to teach them. They had not forgotten that Mr. Smith had promised to come and live among them, and they had been looking for him. We explained the delay, and told them if all went well he would come after the next rains. Hearing this, they became very excited, and said we had brought them very good news. I told them that when the Mission was established they would have a church and learn to pray, like the Nanzela people, that they would also have a school in which their children would learn to read and write, and many other things. This, they said, would be very good, and they would send their children. We said nothing of the material advantages that would accrue as they get their eye on these fast enough.

In the evening, as we expected, the people gladly accepted our invitation to attend service. It was a weird scene. A camp fire

in front of our tent; the people sitting around us on the ground; the chiefs and head men formed the inner circle; the people, tier after tier, forming wider circles; until they passed out beyond the reach of the fire light, and we were unable to gauge the full extent of our congregation. The head chief was the first to arrive, with his women, and some of his children. I do not know the exact number of his wives; but he had seven or eight with him; fine, strapping women, liberally dressed in skins of various wild animals. The children looked healthy and happy. Some of the little girls had pretty features and figures; and if cleaned and dressed would be really beautiful. They have well-formed heads and the forehead that crowns the face is in fine proportion. I called Mr. Price's attention to this feature, and he readily agreed that the proportion is very fine. I feel sure they possess high mental and moral possibilities; and as they sat before me I could not help asking myself: Will our Mission be soon enough to rescue the bigger boys and girls from the life to which they have been born? I could not but bitterly regret the previous year that had been already

lost; and if only my visit can be made to help our people to realise the sacred obligations and high possibilities of the work out here, then there will be no more delay.

The service consisted of singing, prayer, and a short exhortation. We sang only two hymns, but sang each several times, especially one that goes to the tune of "Precious Name." Each verse was repeated twice to help them to remember the words, and was sang several times to help them to the tune. The women were not well behaved. As soon as the singing stopped they would begin talking; and when we came to the prayer, and bowed our heads and closed our eyes, "Now," said they, "they are dead"; and began to laugh. The Christian native that was with us rebuked them, and asked, "Were they dogs to act in such a way?" The old chief, too, told them to be quiet. When the singing was started again they chimed in as though nothing had gone amiss. The women impress me as being very frivolous, and I fear they will be very slow to respond to higher things. The men conducted themselves with dignity, and self-restraint; and appeared to disapprove of the conduct of the

women. In spite of this sad defect, we had an excellent service, and even the women, I believe, will remember it and talk about it with pleasure.

Next morning we were up early, anxious to get the whole length of the sandy rise, and see all the villages, before the sun was too high. Early as we were, 5 o'clock, the head chief was at our tent door soon enough to see us get out of bed. He sat and quietly made a study of our toilet, and when it came to combing and brushing my hair and beard, his exclamations were many. Wherever I go these children of the forest are thus impressed. The Government officials and missionaries shave. It is likely I am the first man any of them have seen with a long beard, In our journey this morning Mr. Price heard one man say: "He is a lion." Now this should be a great compliment; for they hold the lion in high respect. My dressing-gown, too, was a great attraction to the chief, especially the girdle, which he asked me to give him. I told him it was the only one I had, and a chief would not like to deprive me of it. But I was giving him credit for high

EARLY BREAKFAST AT KASANGA.

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feeling which he did not care to own. The second chief came a little later, and was interested in seeing us feed. We did not make any presents last evening in acknowledgment of theirs; but did so this morning. The first chief got a piece of calico; we gave the second some salt. It was not enough to please him, but he did not say so. He simply said: "This is strong salt, it is a portion for a child." We gave him more, and he was satisfied, and made a fine salute. I made him a present of a small looking-glass. I doubt if he had ever seen his poor old pock-marked face before. He had a cone at the back of his head, and a feather stuck in it. He shook his head, and was greatly amused at the feather shaking up and down. He further said: "I see Mingalo in it." "Yes," said Mr. Price, "that is really you yourself that you see." His women are away working in the fields; so when he had done with himself he thought of his women, and said that when they came home they would never stop looking at themselves.

The head chief accompanied us along the villages. We did not go quite the whole length, but we went far enough to see that

the villages extend over four miles. They are fairly well built, and in several, repairs and re-erections were going forward. The people at each village seemed glad to see us. The old chief told them who we were, and explained that they were likely to have a mission among the villages. And then he grew eloquent about the material advantages to be expected. There would be plenty of work—some would hoe, some would build, and there would be a store, and they would get what they wanted. And not a word of higher things; and why should we expect it, or be disappointed because it is not there. These poor people are rich in human nature; and the material advantages of a mission touch them at every point of their limited life; and, after all, this heathen chief is not so far behind the trader I met the other day, who wanted lots of new mission stations because of the business they would bring to his store; and he has behind him a long course of religious teaching, for he was a Jew. The fact is we must take the heathen just where we find them, and be thankful that they have an eye to the material advantages, and through these we must try to lift them to

higher things. And it is not without significance that we find the same principle in the Scriptures: First, the natural, and afterwards, the spiritual. Even in the old chief's eager putting of the case, there was room for comfort; they were to work for what they were to get.

I have written the above account while sitting under a spacious mimosa thorn tree, with several of these villages within sight, and many of the people coming and going before my eyes, and I want to say that I have seen no finer site for a mission station since I entered the country. Given time and labour, and moderate expense, and Mr. Smith should be able to put in the foundations of a strong and fruitful mission. I envy him his glorious opportunity; and even now, if ten years younger, would be a competitor in this hopeful field of labour for our Church and this people.

CHAPTER XIII.

Return to Nanzela.

Monday, September 21.

WE left this afternoon at 2.30. And as the result of three hours' "trek," covered 10 miles. Thunder was in the air, a dust-storm overtook us, and I felt the first spot of rain since landing in the country. It was intensely hot, and when we reached our camping ground we were all very tired, and hungry. Our mid-day meal is usually rather light; but morning and evening we do great justice to anything in the shape of food.

We again saw the tracks of lions, one of them, the boys decided, was a very large one. This knowledge led to our seeing the rifle was in good order, and in a handy place, but did not suffice to close our tent doors. Our dog barked in the night, and woke me up. I sat up in bed to look for the lion, and sure enough there it seemed to be. But when I rubbed my eyes, and looked again, it was a palm bush, which in general outline resembled the figure of a lion. Another disappointment. It is tantalising to see they are

in your neighbourhood, and have even preceded you along the road, yet not get a sight of them.

We were up early next morning. We had made a good breakfast, and were on "trek" by 5.30; but early as we were, the old chief and some of his people were up to see us off. The wind was already high, and we were troubled with dust on our journey. We called at a village about eight miles on the road, named Kokebells. It will most likely be one of Mr. Smith's out-stations—the one that will bound his station on the Nanzela side. It is 18 miles from Kasanga, or Marla, as it is often called locally. We were disappointed in finding the chief and most of his people away at their gardens and cattle kraals. It is a large village, and looked a very suitable place for church and school as an out-station.

We did not stay at Kokebells more than half-an-hour, and pushed on, four more miles, to the Namwala Camp, where our friend Mr. Watson received us with his usual kindness, and gave us a good lunch, which, after our early breakfast, and 12 miles heavy "trek," proved acceptable.

Mr. Watson pressed us to stay for the night, but we thanked him and explained our anxiety to get to Nanzela to-morrow, about 3.30, therefore, we made a start to do a "trek" of six hours.

We have not been fortunate in the matter of game on this journey. In a general way the carriers seldom have meat, but when they are on a journey they expect the master's gun to help them. Until this evening they have not had a bite of meat. We have seen game, but it has been far away, and wild. This evening we shot a small buck; so they got a grand supper, and they made merry over it.

We did not reach our camping ground till after dark. But our tent was soon up, and dinner cooked. Through getting no game we have had to depend chiefly on tinned foods, but our prudent cook had bought some fish this afternoon, so we had an agreeable change in the shape of a fresh fish dinner. The chief and his people soon came to greet us. He is the man who told us we had brought him good news, when we told him a school and church were likely to be built three miles away. He now felt honoured that we should choose to sleep at

ON THE ROAD IN THE MASHILA.

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his village, and said: "I have found good fortune to-day in your tarrying here to sleep." Mr. Price said, "We are glad to find our friends thus." The chief further said: "You have come to visit me; now I shall some day visit you at Nanzela." Mr. Price replied, "He would be glad to see and welcome him there." He supported his professions of friendship by bringing a liberal present of sour milk and meal. The former is a great luxury to the natives, and, indeed, to many Europeans out here.

We arranged for a very early start from this village. If we get through, which we hope to do, it will be 26 miles. We started at 5—quite half an hour before sunrise. We are now resting under a large thorn tree while breakfast is being cooked. We have only six carriers for the mashila. I have been easing them a good bit by walking, but it is still hard work for them. As to-day is to be a very long journey, Mr. Price called at Shalobas, to get an extra carrier or two. The old chief was full of excuses, many of which, I have no doubt, were genuine. Many of his people were away hunting, others were at the gardens. Mr. Price at last

appealed to his vanity. Said he: "Our old chief will be returning to England. He will tell the people about the great chief Shaloba; and, then, if he has to tell them he could not find him a few carriers the people will naturally think what kind of a chief is that who cannot find a missionary a few carriers when he is in trouble on the road." This put him on his mettle, and he found us three, not without real difficulty as so many of his people were away. Before the interview closed it came out that he was hurt because we had slept at the village of an inferior chief, and yet only three miles from him. Mr. Price explained that we started intending to reach his village, but it got very dark, and we were tired, and had to turn in at the nearer one. This reason seemed to satisfy him, and he recovered his old civility.

After lunch to-day we came near having a fight among our carriers. And, as is usual, even among civilised people, in such cases, it was about a very small matter. We had just finished with a fruit tin, and it was thrown away. Two boys rushed to get it, and in a moment they were at each other's throats. If we had not intervened, blood would have

been flowing in a second or two, for the other boys were taking sides, and we had a number from two tribes with us. While everything runs smoothly they agree very well; but as soon as any friction arises, their tribal blood is hot, and there is trouble.

We reached Nanzela this afternoon at four. This is the longest "trek" I have made in one day since leaving Broken Hill—26 miles, and a very hot day. We were not expected till to-morrow, but, I think, we were none the less welcome for that. On the whole we had a very pleasant journey, and I have been much interested in what I have seen of people and country. To cover the journey, I travelled about 160 miles—20 by boat, walked about 30, and did the remainder in the mashila. My health is keeping wonderfully good. Indeed, the visit so far has been a fine pleasure trip, thanks, largely, to the kindly help of the missionaries, and, I must not omit, Government officials.

CHAPTER XIV.

Nanzela to Kalomo.

I HAVE spent the week quietly at Nanzela, joining our friends in their daily life. Have done a little work in the carpenter's shop, with the result that some of the Mission furniture is stronger in its joints, and will last the longer. It has been a great joy to help our friends in some of these things.

We are now putting the finishing touches to the preparations for my departure. I have a five days' journey to Kalomo, by carriers. Our plan is to start early in the morning, and reach a village 17 miles away, where we hope to hold an evening service. We have sent on three boys with loads to-day to give the people notice.

Before closing my visit here I wish to place on record my high appreciation of the great kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Price. They received me as one of themselves, and placed their best at my service. I shall long remember them and their work. Their difficulties

are many, but the joy and honour of their work are great.

October 4.

Made an early start and reached the village at 3.30. The boys sent on had gone to the wrong village; so we had to send for them, which took an hour and a half. Another thing was against our meeting: there was a beer drink at a village some distance off, and many of the people had left to attend it before our messengers arrived. We feared at first we should get no service. But the people left in the villages came, and we had a good gathering. Two of the chiefs brought me a small present of meal, and said they were very glad I had come so far to see them, and that I had arranged to give them a service in passing through.

We did not hold a long service, for the sun was just setting, and some of the people had to go to other villages, and there were women and children present. Kemuel, the teacher, conducted. We opened by prayer, had only a little singing, and I gave an address. Kemuel closed with a few words. I noticed the women were much better behaved here

than at Kasanga. Perhaps, the reason is they have been having occasional services much longer. At Kasanga they had only two services before, the last of which had been nearly two years since.

The road to Kalomo is infested with lions, and other wild beasts. We are now approaching the end of the dry season, and our camping ground to-night is near a great watering station. There is no water between here and Nanzela, so all the game of this great district—17 miles—are divided between this place and Nanzela for drinking, and the wild animals follow the game. We laid our plans accordingly. My tent was pitched in an open place, and four fires made around it, of course, at a long distance, as it is very hot now without fires. Our self-possession was not increased by the fact that I have a native carrier who was once mauled by a hyena. He has about his face and neck many deep scars, and one side of his mouth is gone, and yet he can carry a load like any other man. It shows the vitality of his race, that without medical help he could recover from such a mauling, and grow strong again. The way the villages are built along this road shows

the people's conception of their danger. They are enclosed within very strong fences, made of tough long poles. These are set deep in the ground, and lean outwards at an angle of about forty-five degrees. This gives an effective defence.

Long enough before the camp was quiet I was off in my first sleep, from which I was aroused near mid-night by the nerve-splitting howls of a leopard. There was a dead silence in the camp, excepting for the snoring of the tired carriers, but what was much worse than the silence was the darkness which prevailed; for the fires had burnt low. I called the Teacher, and asked him if he had heard the leopard, and found that his sleep had been too sound. He was quite awake now, and soon had the camp astir, and the fires replenished. The ruddy glow lit up the heavens; but only small snatches of sleep fell to my lot afterwards. I often heard Kemuel calling for the fire to be renewed.

We had another unpleasant change during the night. In the evening we sat at supper in the open air, with a naked candle burning on the table. The air was so quiet that the candle burnt as steadily as it would have done

in a room with door and windows shut. I went to bed with the doors of my tent opened. Towards early morning a tempest of wind arose, which threatened to unroof me. Some boys had to hold the ropes, while the others tightened the pegs of the tent. I had, so to speak, to be battened down to keep my little ship in the desert in safety. As soon, however, as the wind had abated a little, I opened the door of my tent again, for I could scarcely breathe for heat.

The second day was the most trying of my experience, since coming into the country. To begin with, there was no water supply for 20 miles. So that we had to do that " trek " before we could finish our day. Two of our carriers turned foot-sore, a thing that often happens, but had not fallen to my lot till now. The boy with our kitchen appliances lagged behind, so that I got no breakfast till twelve o'clock. And, then, it has been the hottest day of my experience. During the four hours we had to rest in the forest we could get but little shade, only a mimosa thorn, and their foliage is not very thick. Even the trunk of the tree gives you no shade, for at this time of the day the sun is directly over your

head. I sat under the tree with an umbrella over my head; and, then, I could do nothing but drink; but, unfortunately, I had little to drink, for the supply of water we started out with was nearly exhausted, and we had nine miles to do before we could get more.

Travel in this country helps you to understand the figures of the Bible taken from thirst. The first result of the great heat is thirst, and this heightens your sense of the importance of water. The natives are none too provident in this respect, and will often start on a long dry "trek" with an inadequate supply on the off chance of getting some where not expected. Their conduct often becomes a study. There are many places along the road where water can be found for at least three-fourths of the year, and if they are dry at all it is just now. When the carriers are approaching one of these they quicken their steps, and rush in among the reeds hoping to find water. The expression of grieved disappointment on their faces is pitiable to see when there is none. Yesterday they had a surprise which made them almost dance for joy. They did laugh and sing. They were approaching a pit where water could usually

be found. One ran on ahead, and had a look, and then turned towards us and shook his head. As we got up to the place another turned aside and looked at the dry hole. As he looked his countenance lighted up, and he shouted, "Menzhi! Menzhi!!" (the native word for water). I went and had a look. The pit was about ten feet across, and five feet deep, like a huge dry pan. But in the centre someone had dug a small hole about five feet deep, and at the bottom there was water. The first in his hurry had overlooked this. I shall not soon forget the spectacle. Eight or ten of the boys who had already come up, were sitting round the sides of the pit, panting. I wondered at their patience, until I noticed a movement among the tall reeds a little way off. There I saw one of the boys cutting down a very long reed. He cut a piece about six feet long out of the middle of the reed. Then he took a length from the small end of the reed to use as a ram rod. With this he cleared the knots out of the larger piece, until it was a perfect tube. He carefully blew the dust out and handed it to the boy nearest the hole. He had rightly judged the depth.

Each in his turn got a good drink from this primitive artesian well in the desert, and then happened a little stroke that touched and surprised me; the reed was carefully laid at the side of the hole for the use of any other thirsty traveller that should come along.

In our evening "trek" I relieved the sore-footed carriers by lending two of my mashila boys, and to make it up to them I walked for an hour. We did not reach camp till after dark. What with the heat, and walk, and worry, I was about done up; and had a dish of hot bovril, and a little fruit, and went to bed. We spent the night near a village where their water supply is from a hole that is not accessible to game. We were therefore free from wild beasts; and I slept from eight till three, and commenced the new day as fit as ever.

At four next morning we had our roll call, and found our two boys quite unfit to carry further. We tried to hire two in the village, but found all the fit men were away, having been called by the Commissioner for some service. Of course, they will get paid, but for the time being they are beyond our reach.

There was only one way out of the difficulty, so that way I proceeded to take. I paid the sick boys half their wages. They had only done two of their six days' work, but I thought it best to err on the side of liberality. Then I took two of my mashila boys and gave them the loads of the two sick ones. Now this left me with only six mashila boys, whereas I should have at least eight. Indeed, Mr. Smith and Mr. Price, both heavy men, are obliged to have ten, or better still, twelve. The advantage of my light weight is that I can do a journey the same class at from 15s. to £1 less than they can. If we had to travel at home according to weight what a revision of fares would be necessary. I told the brave six that I should relieve them by walking morning and evening, and at the end should pay them for the extra work. On the strength of this we have made one of our best "treks" this morning. Last night and this morning there is a nice change in the weather. It is not nearly so hot.

Towards the end of this morning's "trek" we came upon the trader I have previously referred to. He is also on his way to Kalomo, so we are travelling together. We told him

of our trouble from the wild beasts Sunday night. But soon found he thought but little of it. It is a case of familiarity breeding contempt. He asked if I fired when I heard the leopard so near. I said; "No! why should I when I could not see it?" "Oh," said he, "to frighten it. They all clear when they hear a shot." And then he proceeded to tell me what happened to him last week. His servant woke him up one night, and told him there was a lion round the kraal, and the cattle were frightened. He took his rifle, and went out. The night was very dark—no moon—he could see nothing. So he fired two or three shots. Next morning he went out very early to shoot some meat for his boys. 400 yards from his house he came upon a hartebeest killed by a lion. There had been a desperate fight. One horn of the hartebeest was broken. But the victory was with the lion. The hartebeest had been ripped open and left. His explanation was that this stage of the conflict had been reached when he fired his shots, and that the lion had been so frightened that it left its prey. The trader had the hartebeest, and would need no more meat for a few days.

Towards evening, as we were travelling

together, we sighted a herd of wild pigs. We were anxious to get one, as neither lot of our boys had tasted meat yet, on this journey. Now the trader is the best shot, but he had the poorest rifle. He had no cartridges for his own, and had to borrow what he called an old "calabash," which was really an out-of-date rifle, such as are sold to the natives of the country at fancy prices. It was decided he should use our rifle, and the result should be shared. After a little clever stalking the second biggest of the herd was brought down—young and fine. It was carried in triumph to our camping ground. He explained to his boys it had to be equally divided. This did not please them. Their master shot it, and it was fairly theirs. He explained further, that if he wished to give his friends half, that would be a sufficient reason for the division; but that in this case, it was their rifle and cartridge that secured the meat; and therefore half was justly theirs. They were convinced against their desire. For in addition to their innate selfishness, they belonged to a different tribe to our boys. He stood by to see the division made. All went well till they came to the head, when they

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SCHOOLBOYS. *To face page 232.*

made an elaborate explanation that they could not split the head. The trader knew that this was a subterfuge to get the whole head for themselves, and so have the best of the bargain, which would have been the cause of great exultation. "Well," said he "I am rather sorry, for I wanted the division to be equal. Give the whole of the head to my friend's boys." This was a fine stroke. It really split the head; for in two seconds a small axe had done the needful, and the division was complete. A royal supper in both camps left much for the journey this morning; and while I am writing this under a thorn tree, my boys are seated in the forest, within earshot, discussing another meal, their appetite sharpened by a twelve mile "trek" which took them from 5 to 10.

Thursday morning at five o'clock we commenced the final stage of our journey. Seven miles on the road we came to the Kalomo Police Camp. There is a Post and Telegraph Office. I had a little business to do for Mr. Price. The Magistrate insisted on my taking breakfast with him. He was very civil and kind. But as soon as I could decently do so, I excused myself, and resumed my journey.

Another three miles brought us to the station. About a mile and a half out we passed the site of the old seat of Government. It was found to be very unhealthy; and although much labour and money had been expended there, it was removed about 18 months since to New Livingstone. The buildings are still there, but in ruins. Windows and doors, and other fixtures, have been removed to use elsewhere; but sufficient remains to show that some of the buildings were very substantial and fine. The gardens too, were nicely laid out, and were rich in flowers. One cannot but feel sorry for the change.

We reached the station at 10.30. The train did not pass till 9.30 in the morning. I am camped under a thorn tree near the station. Here change is seen. When the Government Camp was a mile and a half away this was a busy centre. The buildings are still here, but all closed. No one is in charge. When the train comes along I shall be picked up by those working it, and the guard at some time during the journey down country will come to the compartment and offer to supply me with a ticket. And thus very slowly North West Rhodesia is being developed—two

steps forward, and one backward, and so on, slow but sure.

This afternoon has been a busy time. I had to settle with my carriers, as they wanted to spend their money at the store. After paying them their money I gave each carrier a double handful of salt as a present. This is a great luxury to them. Rough salt is 3d. per pound and not easy to get at that. They gave me warm thanks, and went away to spend their money at the store, like a lot of happy children. They are easily pleased, and not difficult to satisfy in the matter of pay. They brought me and my belongings 80 miles for 5s. per head, and fed themselves. They shared with us any meat we shot on the road; but that did not happen to be much on this journey. I have since heard from Mr. Price that they reached home in good time, and were well satisfied with their journey; although the most of them were foot-sore.

After business was done we spent a long evening around the camp fire. I usually enjoyed these times—the day's tramp done, and bed-time approaching. It was the best time for conversation with the natives; and as this was our last night together, all seemed

inclined to make the best of it. I had 15 carriers, and Kemuel, the teacher; so we were 17, all told. They varied in age from about 20 to 50. The chief spokesman was one of the older men—a tall, big, bony man, with a wide mouth and strong face, but not lacking indications of kindness.

His first question pointed to a prevalent mistake among them, which is not to the advantage of the Missionaries. "Would 'Moruti' tell them why the Missionaries brought the Magistrates into the country?" They were glad to have Missionaries, but did not want Magistrates. There is one aspect of the case which is quite sufficient to confirm them in this belief. Our Missionaries were the first white men in the country, and for several years they had to be both Magistrates and Missionaries. And even yet many of the people prefer to have their disputes settled by the Missionaries. The position is not without an element of danger. The Magistrates are naturally jealous of their prerogatives, and the Missionaries are glad to be peace-makers. Like most cases of transition there need to be care and concession on both sides.

Now I explained to the natives that the Missionaries did not bring the Magistrates. That it was owing to their anxiety to bring them the Gospel that they were in the country first. That if the Missionaries had not been there the Magistrates would have come just the same. And, then, I in my turn asked a question. "Why did they object to the Magistrates?" The answer, as I expected, was near at hand, and promptly given. "Because they taxed the people." So I had to explain that there could be no Government without taxation. The taxes were not taken out of the country, the Magistrates did not have them; they were spent for the good of the country. And that although the taxes did not come back to them directly, yet indirectly they received much more than they gave. "How can that be?" they enquired. "We can see the ten shillings we have to pay the Government every year. It is a handful of money, and it is very hard to get." But they could not see anything that came to them in return. Then I would help them to see.

Earlier in the day the spokesman had given me a bit of his own history. He was a Barotse; and when quite a young boy he had

been stolen by a native who dealt in gunpowder, and he had carried him away into North-East Africa and sold him as a slave. After a few years he met some men who were going West, so he ran away from his slave-master, and got as far as Nanzela, where he settled as a free man. "Now," said I, "that can never happen to any of your boys and girls; because the Government is against slavery, and are strong enough to protect your children against it. Is not that something worth having in return for your taxes?" Their faces all brightened, and they answered, "That is very good."

Remembering that it is well to make them think for themselves a little, I said, "There are many more advantages; but I do not want to point them all out myself. I want you to find some of them for yourselves. Just think, and see if you can name to me something in which you are better off now than you were before the Government came." They looked at each other and began to speak among themselves. I did not trouble the Teacher to translate what they said. But after a short time, one spoke for the others: "Yes, we do remember one thing that is a great gain to

us. It is peace. We now live in peace. But before the Government came we were constantly fighting, and killing each other. If we had a dispute about our cattle, or lands, or women, or children, we always fought about it. Now we take the case to the Magistrate, and he settles it for us." Then I took the opportunity of pointing out to them that one of these fights would cost them in property many taxes, not to speak of the lives which were lost.

But I had not done with them yet. It is always more impressive to them if you can give them something in the nature of an object-lesson. They are just little children in knowledge. The abstract is difficult to them. They want it in the concrete; to see it as it were on the black-board. So I took next the railway, which was right there before them. During the afternoon they had been much interested in seeing a herd of cattle loaded into two big trucks ready for the morning train. They were still standing within a stone's throw of our camp. I recalled the scene to their minds, and asked them where those cattle came from. "Oh, they had been bought from the natives." "Just so,"

I said. "Before the railway came you had scarcely any market for your cattle and corn. Now you find a ready sale and good prices; and it was the Government who brought the railway, and they kept it going." This again, they said, was good.

Again, like children, they need "line upon line," to impress it on their minds. So I finished with my own case. "You have been serving me for four days. I have just paid you for your service, more than half the amount of your tax for a whole year. You see I am an old man, and could not have come into the country without the help of the railway, so here again, is another advantage of having the Government." I was about ready for bed now, and intended the foregoing to close the interview. But the spokesman came up as fresh as ever with another question *re* taxation: "Were the white men in the country taxed?" "Yes, they are taxed much more heavily than the natives, and in more ways than one. For example: they had to pay a heavy tax for shooting game, ranging from £5 to £50 per year, according to the kind of game they wanted to kill. But the natives were free to kill what they like and as

many as they liked, and had nothing to pay." This appeared to be very satisfactory. But out came another question. "Did we pay taxes in England?" "Oh yes! We all paid taxes in England. Even the poor people, who had no cattle, and no land to grow corn; only had what they could earn with their hands. All paid taxes. No country could be great and strong without. Therefore, they must not grumble about their taxes."

At this point they converse a little among themselves; and then their spokesman said they wished to thank Moruti for his words of wisdom; and they could now see that taxes were good. And when in their own villages the people were grumbling about the taxes, they would not fail to remember what Moruti had said, and they would tell the people. They hoped I would have a safe journey home, and come and see them another day. We had our evening worship, and after sitting a little while with Kemuel, I went to my tent for bed. But in a few minutes the spokesman was standing at the door of my tent with a beaming face. A brilliant thought had struck someone among them, and he had come to get it executed at once. They had been pay-

ing taxes now, I think, they said for six years. It was a long time, and they were very tired. They wanted Moruti to help them by writing to the Government, and telling them to let the people rest for two years, and in that time they would be strong again, and be ready to pay the taxes. I had to show them that this was an impossible request. That Government had to go on all the time, and therefore taxes could not stop. My friends will think all this very elementary. But I must remind you that every thing here is elementary. The people are elementary; their conditions of life are elementary; their needs are elementary. They need elementary knowledge, and elementary Government, and elementary Gospel. Our greatest blunders and failures arise from forgetting this—we attempt and expect too much.

Only two of my carriers had seen the railway. When the train came in sight they were very excited. A good bit of shunting had to be done. This was also a source of great interest to them—the engine with equal ease running either way, and putting off and taking on trucks—all this was very wonderful to them. The last I saw of them as the train

moved off south, they were all standing in a line, with their hands extended and mouths open, like one transfixed. We had a pleasant run down, and reached Livingstone at four in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XV.

Some Native Habits and Views.

I HAVE often referred to the life of the people of the country. But there are a few outstanding features I would like especially to set forth.

In a rough way they have trades among them. They are clever at basket work of various kinds. Many of their vessels are made of reeds and grass; some as plates and dishes for domestic use. They weave them so closely that they are water-tight. An old chief brought me a present of sweet milk in one. They make mats the missionaries and civil servants are glad to use.

They work in pottery too—make pots and pans and pipes, the latter beautifully finished. In wood work they are in advance of any natives I have seen. Perhaps the presence of timber has helped to produce this. They make combs, spoons, bowls, stools, and many other things. Their spears and bows and arrows, and even their axe handles are works of art. They use the bow for hunting,

but the spear is their constant companion. They are very expert in throwing it, and they use it for many things; for defence, for hunting, to skin and dress an animal; even in my travels I came to have a lot of confidence in it, and felt all the safer because my carriers were thus armed. Next to the spear, both for defence and service, comes the axe. It is not a big thing—about 2 in. by 6 in. in the blade. Its shank passes through the end of the handle, which is about 18 in. long. With these small things they cut down big trees, cut out their boats, clear the forest for their gardens, and most of their carpentry is done by it; it acts as a plane, a spoke-shave, and many other tools.

Most of the above depends on their blacksmithing, and in this they are very clever. They smelt their own ore by means of charcoal. This morning I had the good fortune to see a smith at work. His outfit is simple, all his own creation. A large flat stone is his forge. He has two hammers—one large and heavy, the other small and light. They are both of the same pattern—one end has a flat face, the other end is much like a very blunt axe. The handle, in each case is

only a foot long. It takes, therefore, a strong hand to use the big hammer. They have tongs made on the same principle as sugar tongs, only, of course, much longer and stouter. The bellows took my attention most; it is really a very ingenious contrivance. Imagine two wooden bowls with long handles, the bowls attached to each other, and the handles bored to make them tubes. Each bowl is covered with a piece of nicely dressed skin, not tight but baggy, with a handle attached to the centre. These are worked up and down alternately, which sends the wind evenly through the handle-like tubes. So far the bellows are all of wood and leather; and must not, therefore, be brought too near the fire. To complete the connection, and yet keep the necessary distance, a clay fire-proof pipe is prepared—bell shaped at one end, and tapering down to the required size at the other. The two wooden tubes of the bellows rest in the bell-shaped end, the other is in the fire. Thus an even blast is supplied. The same appliance is used for smelting. They always work in pairs—it takes one to manipulate the bellows, both hands being required; and the other to work at the forge.

NATIVE BLACKSMITH AT WORK.

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They use stones as files. Some of their work is beautifully finished. Mr. Price employs one of these smiths to make his garden hoes. They stand much better than anything he can get from England.

On another occasion I saw two men making axes and preparing handles for them. They were using an iron anvil let into a block of wood. I tried to buy a small axe, but we could not agree about the price. He wanted a piece of calico for it; but our waggon was a long way off. A yard costing $2\frac{3}{4}$d. in England, would have satisfied him. But he would not take a shilling; he wanted two, and I woud have given them, but my boy said: "No; too much. Will buy in another village."

The natives here, like those in the South, are very musical. They have their own musical instruments, as also their own war songs, and festive music. One day I saw a native dance. It was evidently a big affair, for the music was led by the King's musician —a tall, straight, grey, dreamy looking man.

He had, what I suppose I must call the organ of the country, for it is much more a wind than stringed instrument. Its native

name is Budemba. It is about four feet wide, and has fourteen keys. These are of hard wood 2 in. by 18 in.; they are held together by strings of gut, and suspended over the pipes. The pipes consist of calabashes, which they grow freely in their gardens. They grow in various shapes and sizes; some like a cup, others like a basin, and some long, like huge cucumbers. They are opened at the end they were attached to the vine, the inside taken out, and dried in the sun. The skin is thin, but dries out hard and tough. A selection is made with great care to get them the right length and size. I noticed in the case before me the two longest had been joined; a piece had been taken from one a size larger. The smaller part had been put into the larger, and fixed and made air-tight by some kind of natural gum. The pipes ranged in length from about 18 in. to 9 in., and from four to two inches in diameter. They were carefully suspended so that the mouth of each pipe came under a key. I noticed that each pipe had a round opening near the bottom. It would be about three-quarters of an inch. This was covered with a very thin white substance, which pulsated when the music was

being made. On enquiring, I found this was made of spider's web. The instrument was suspended from the shoulders of the performer by a rope of skin, and kept clear of his person by a curved stick. It was thus completely suspended, and yet his hands were free. To produce music he used two sticks very like drum sticks, only the knob at the end is formed of native rubber. He has a stick in each hand, and strikes the note he wants with great certainty and quickness. He often plays before the King, and I must say he produces real music. He is supported by three drummers.

The drum is cut out of solid timber. It looks like an old fashioned cannon—18 in. at one end, and tapering off to 6 in. at the other. It is hollowed out so as to leave the walls an inch thick. The outside is ornamented with a kind of dog-toothing and carving. The big end is covered with parchment of their own make, and the small end left open. This also is suspended at their side by means of a skin rope. They do not use a stick, but play it with their hands and fingers.

The music is sometimes supported, or

rather it supports a kind of recitation, which is in good time and tune. But this is generally between the dances. The whole performance wonderfully confirmed my idea of the musical aptitude of the native races of Africa. Here we are among the most wild people our Church has touched, and they are found to be naturally as musical as the more advanced tribes in the South.

The dance is much more difficult to describe. The people, young and old, are round in a ring. They clap their hands, keeping time with the music. The dancer comes out in the ring, and begins the dance, also keeping time. At first, it is chiefly a leg and foot performance, with certain toe and heel scrapings on the ground, which sends the dust flying. Then he becomes more excited, until he throws himself on the ground; and sometimes sitting and sometimes prone on hands and feet like a four-footed beast, he works his body till he is like a man in convulsions, and yet still keeping time to the music. This goes on till he is exhausted; and then another takes his place; and in their endurance they seek to out-do each other. The women also join in the dance; but in this

NATIVE ORGAN AND DANCE.

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case only one entered the ring, perhaps, because Europeans were present, and she kept on her feet. But we saw enough to show us that in their pleasures, even, they are very degraded. The only touch of higher things was the music, and that was coarse and rude.

Then comparative quiet was restored, and we saw a war dance. The organ now retired, and only one drum was used. The young braves came out looking very wild, brandishing their spears, and striking them into imaginary enemies, and as they returned, sent the dust and stones back from their feet as a token of contempt of their enemies. Some used an axe, some a club, and some both. But I could not see that the brutality typified was really any worse than that of the battle of Aliwal, where Christian was pitted against Christian, and the din of battle was as hell let loose. The women were not without their share in this dance. They clapped their hands and shouted to lead the men on; and if one seemed more fierce than the others he secured the most clapping and cheers.

It was altogether a sad spectacle; and, perhaps, to me the saddest part of all was that the little children entered into it with

such abandon. So entirely did it captivate them, that after the music and dancing had ceased, I saw some of the little naked figures still working their bodies. Indeed, after the dance had broken up, and the people dispersed, I still saw an odd child here and there doing it. It shows how far down and back our agents have to go to save this people, and it leaves no wonder the work is slow, and results so long delayed.

One morning Mr. Price had before him a case of "Ditza"; that is, a case of the wife leaving her husband, and going to another man for protection. When she has done that she can be redeemed or brought back only by giving an ox. This is their own strange law. The reason the case was brought to Mr. Price is that the couple have been living on the Mission. The woman is quite young and good looking. She has a little girl of two years old—a bright little thing, who was playing in the sun while the case was heard. The man claiming the ox first stated his case. He lived in a village about three miles away. On a certain day this woman had come and claimed his protection by throwing ashes over him. So many days after the husband and

his friend came to fetch her back. He said to them: "There she is; take her!" But she ran from them and threw more ashes over him. Now she was his, and must be redeemed. Then the woman made a long story, which did not at first seem to have much bearing on the case, about other women coming to the hut; but at last it began to appear that she had failed to get her husband's food ready; that when he came home from work the pot was still cold; but she made a great virtue of this; that when he ordered her to do it, she set about it at once. Then, presently, it appeared also, that when the other women were with her in her husband's absence, the child was playing about, and put her hand in the fire; and sure enough there were the marks on the little hand and arm. When the husband came home he used swear words at her and threatened to flog her. In the night she slipped away, and slept in the forest; and in the morning she went to the village, and saw a woman working in her garden. She went to her and told her story. The woman took her home and fed her and her child, and suggested she should go and claim the protection of the man in question.

She did so, and his claim was the result. Now the husband objected to nothing she said. But this was not the only trouble she had made. She had been a bad wife. Some time ago she had committed adultery, but had been given another chance. In the end she was ordered to leave the station, and the man was told he would get no ox. He was very angry, and said the case was not settled yet. Of course, he can keep the woman, but it seemed pretty clear he would sooner have an ox. Mr. Price told him if he was not satisfied with the decision he could go to the Magistrate.

The whole case throws a sad light on their social life. The husband is not a Christian; but he has worked and lived on the Mission a long time, and is a respectable man. His wife is his only trouble. The young women seemed to think they have nothing to do but nurse children. They neglect their homes, and defy, and some of them even thrash their husbands. The older women work. The women need the Gospel here, not so much to save them from the tyranny of the men, as from their own degradation.

The chiefs at Kasanga told us of an

accident on the river in which two natives had been drowned. They were carrying corn for the Government in a dug-out boat. They told us a long water serpent had upset the boat. The chiefs knew all about it they said, and vied with each other in giving us the information. The whole thing turned out to be one of their many fables, excepting the drowning of the young men. That was a sad reality. This is the story. The boat had been upset by a serpent about ten yards long. It has many heads; and lives in a dry house under the water. When it catches a person it takes him to that house, and it licks him over the face and body, and he becomes like itself, and is never again seen. They so evidently believed what they said that it would have been cruel to have laughed at them, and every difficulty that we suggested, was promptly met by something equally impossible; and we were sorry to notice that a baptised native we had with us—the very one that gave Mr. Smith such invaluable help in his language-work—also believed in the whole story. And yet I do not know that this should surprise us very

much; it is not so long ago that witchcraft and other equally absurd things were believed in in the Home Land. And we do not forget that not alone in heathen mythology does the serpent do duty for the evil one. Their witch-doctors claim to give them medicine against this serpent, and those who take it are safe.

While we were away at Kasanga, our people at Nanzela had some lively times with lions. It happened one Monday night. Four passed close to the Mission House. Their roar is described as awful. It awoke all the villagers; and they were out beating their drums and shouting for all they were worth. This is not to frighten them away, but to give them notice of danger. It is connected with another of their fables. I have just had a talk with Kemuel, the teacher, and the people, since the lions came, have been telling him all about it. They believe they can choose what animal they will enter when they die. The witch-doctor can give them medicine to secure their wish. He puts certain things in water. They after a time decay, and worms come in them. Then the people who want the medicine are called. They choose a

worm that is the most like the animal they want to enter at death, and swallow it. Henceforth they are not to take anything very hot or the worm will die. When the person dies he is buried leaning on his side, and a reed is placed in his ear that is uppermost, which reaches to the top of the ground. This is to let the worm come up at the right time. It first becomes about the size of a rat, then as big as a cat, if it is to be a tiger or lion. They say one of their head men died about nine months ago, who had taken medicine to be a lion; and their belief is that the lions the other night came to fetch him away from the grave, so that he can go to the forest, and be a real lion. They beat the drums and shouted to give them notice there was danger, because white men have guns. When the late head man died, he was carried in a given direction to be buried. The lions, they say, passed along this path. They have their own way of distinguishing whether a lion is a man or a lion. If it comes prowling about, without warning, then it is a real lion, and they will kill it if they can. But if it roars, as those did the other night, it is not a lion but a man. One of the four they believe to be an old chief

who died about three years ago. He is a full grown lion now with a big voice, and it was he who spoke so loudly. They are as sure of all this as of their own existence, and have told it to Kemuel without a doubt.

It is now getting near the end of the dry season, and water is very short. The lions had evidently come from a distance to the river to drink.

Leopards are often here. Mr. Price tells a good story about one. It came one night after the fowls. The dogs rushed out at it. Two of them went too near. The tail only of one was seen next morning; and the other was found up a tree. There was a white visitor here at the time, and he set his mind on shooting the leopard. So he had the dead dog carefully tied fast in the tree where it had been left by the leopard. He set some boys to watch, and prepared himself a bed in a hut close by. He woke up during the night and thought he would go out and report progress for himself. The dog was gone. He went to his boys, and asked, "Where is the dog?" "Still up the tree," say they. Either they had gone to sleep, or the leopard had out-manœuvred them. The language in which

the visitor expressed his disappointment is not recorded. It takes a clever huntsman to trap a leopard.

Funerals among the heathen are almost as costly as they are at home. When their people die they make a great feast. They call it a "cry." Wherever the near relations are when they hear of the death they must return home. The finest oxen in the land are kept for these funeral feasts. While we were camping in a village not far from the Kafue one of these "cries" took place. The hut is towards the end of the village, and not more than a hundred and fifty yards from my tent. The grave of the young man is in front of the hut, and is marked by a number of newly-planted poles. As near as we can make out from a neighbour, the death took place about three months ago; but a brother of the deceased was a long way off, and returned this morning shortly after our arrival, bringing a two-year old ox for sacrifice. The "cry" at once began. We wondered at first what it was. But the thing soon became clear. The man from the journey, and the local men of the family began to rush up and down in front of the hut and grave, making a great cry, or

lamentation; and making as though driving their spears into the ground. This is to drive away the death spirit, and free the hut from further danger. While the crying is going on, a number of youths—I judge members of the same family—are hunting the young ox round and round in the neighbourhood of the grave, and at every convenient turn giving it a spear thrust, and sometimes leaving the spear for a time sticking into the poor brute. The ox, becoming exhausted through loss of blood, gradually ceased its moaning and lay near the hut and died. Presently, the men ceased crying, and went and dressed the ox, and I saw it joint by joint, carried into the hut for the feast. The crying will be resumed this evening, and will go on day after day till the meat is done. This scene has filled me with an overwhelming sadness.

We have entered this country in the name of Christ and our Church. How long is it to be before we bring the light to these dark villages? Even while this scene was being enacted, some women came from another part of the village to "look" at Mrs. Kerswell in the next tent. She spoke kindly to them; she told them who we were, and why we were

in the country; and asked them if they would like a missionary to visit them. The answer was the same we always get: "Yes, they would like one." There is the same readiness wherever we go. I have travelled now about 200 miles in the country, and have called at many villages, and wherever I have enquired there has come the same answer. We are just scratching the moral soil, at three centres only in this vast North West Rhodesia; and yet there is not a spiritual garden-patch in all England that would yield anything like so ample a harvest as could be gathered anywhere in this vast country. I could covet no greater honour in the service of Christ's Kingdom than to be able to help our people at home to the realisation of the splendid opportunities for service ready to our hand in this vast country.

CHAPTER XVI.

New Livingstone and the Government.

THE township of Livingstone is very disappointing, not in the site, nor the character of its buildings, but in the way it is laid out. The streets are narrow, and the building plots small. Government House is a nice place, and the grounds in front are spacious, and well laid out. But at the back and ends it is crowded. The Standard Bank has been allowed to build close up at one end, and it is bounded by a road at the other end, and by a narrow street and small buildings at the back. Then the Livingstone Hotel is close by—a very nice place. I and a friend had dinner, bed, and breakfast there. The cost was reasonable and we never wish to be better served. The proprietor is making a heroic effort to extend his borders, and is putting up some really good buildings. But he is cramped for room. The offices and stables are unpleasantly near the best verandah, and there is scarcely room to turn a wagonette in the yard. In leaving Bula-

wayo you feel you have left behind you the man who thought in continents, and in reaching Livingstone you do not feel that you have found a man that can think even in decent townships. And yet there are thousands of acres of land all round waiting the convenience of the people.

All the missionaries speak well of the Government of the country; and all I saw of its administration confirms their good opinion. I visited four magistracies, one or two of which I have described in previous chapters. I called on the administrator on my way up, to pay my respects and explain the purpose of my mission. I was sorry to find him in poor health; but he received me with great kindness, and showed a lively interest in our work, especially the industrial part of it. He assured me that whatever the Government could do to help the extension of our Mission would be done with great heartiness. He gave me a new map of the country. It is only tentative; but it is a good beginning. Maps, like everything else that is worth anything, have to grow from less to more; and when I was coming down country I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who has just

been engaged to complete the survey of North-West Rhodesia. He has been employed in this kind of work for many years in other parts of Africa. The work therefore is likely to be well done. The administrator also gave me a letter of introduction to the officials, asking them to do all they could to promote the success of my visit; but I am glad to say I never had to use this. Wherever I went I was received and treated as a welcome visitor.

At all the magistracies visited, I was pleased to notice the interest taken in the natives. The officials are not merely servants of their Government. While they would be themselves the first to disown being in any sense missionaries, they do freely and effectively one part of a missionary's work: They care for the health of the people. Quite late one evening at the Namwala Camp, while we were there, a man brought a little boy who had been fishing, and had thrust the fish-spear through his foot. He was promptly and kindly treated. It is no mean advantage to have the administration of justice associated with such generous service. We called again at this Camp a week later on our return

journey. We found this little fellow, with his foot carefully bandaged installed as house boy or page. Mr. Watson, the assistant magistrate, had taken a fancy to him, and had retained him at 2s. 6d. per month, and food and clothing. We did not at first know him, he was so changed. When we first saw him, the skin of a small wild animal was all the clothing he wore; now he was rigged out in a striped shirt, and a fine loin cloth, and looked like a little chieftain. He waited on us at table, and was really very handy. Of course, as a servant, he is in the process of making; but I can see he is quick to learn. He stands in the room where he can keep his eye on his master, and promptly responds to any indications that come from that quarter. But you will do well to keep your eye on him also; or you will get salt when you want sugar, and find your plate whisked away before you have finished with it. I gave him, as I thought, twice over, distinctly to understand that I wanted no more tea; but presently I found another brimming cup placed at my side. And as a cup of tea, more or less, especially more, makes but little difference in that climate, I quickly

drank it, and said nothing about it. I have no doubt the little fellow will have a good time in his new station.

One splendid feature of the Government is the absolute prohibition of the Drink Traffic. As contrasted with the West Coast, and, indeed, many parts in the South, this is a huge advantage. The natives make a drink of their own which is fairly strong. But they use it only on special occasions. They do not booze. When travelling you have no fear your carriers will be incapacitated by drink. The people are sober, respectful, and peaceable.

I have been asked: "What about the late reported rising in North-West Rhodesia?" And have to answer, that after passing through the supposed affected area, I am obliged to take the official view: "That the trouble did not exist in fact." One of the officials received from a native a cock-and-bull story about what was taking place a hundred miles away in another man's district, how the natives had refused to pay the tax, and were holding secret meetings, etc. This official had an attack of nerves—perhaps he was in bad health—and became an alarmist; and where

Europeans are few and distant from each other, it is easy to see such reports would gather weight. But the irony of the position is this; that his Camp was one of the most distant from the seat of the supposed trouble; he possessed the only fort in the country, with a mounted maxim and 70 armed men; and yet he and his immediate friends were the only ones who became agitated. He advised all the missionaries to take their wives out of the country, and did other wild things. And yet there was not a word of truth in the reported refusal to pay tax, and not a sign of unrest could be traced anywhere. The burning of our store at Nambala is believed to have been the result of an accident—perhaps some combustible in the store itself, exploded by the great heat. The so-called rising has become a by-word throughout the country; you have only to name it to cause a smile, and call forth not complimentary remarks respecting those who believed in it.

Again, I have been asked: "What are the probabilities of a war in North-West Rhodesia? Is the history of Southern Rhodesia likely to be repeated up there?" I had of necessity to spend a good bit of time

at hotels, and to meet many people other than missionaries and officials; and I must confess that I heard much loose talk about coming trouble, especially when Lewanika, the present King, dies. My own view is that no importance is to be attached to this loose talk. In most cases the wish is father to the thought. War brings money and trade into the country; and it means the hurried and brutal subjugation of the natives; and that harmonises with their own desire to kick and hammer them into shape.

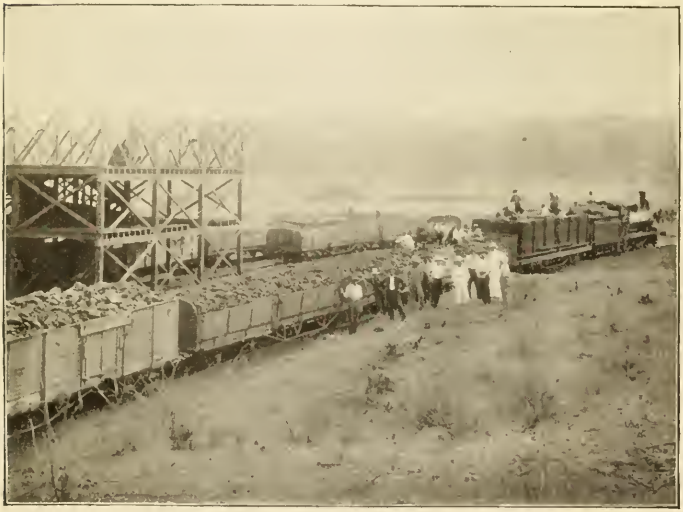
As a sample of the above I will relate the substance of what I heard while sitting on the verandah of the Livingstone Hotel. A tall, well-dressed, nice-looking native came along the street. Two or three other natives of decent appearance were with him. It was easy to see he was someone above the ordinary run of natives. A gentleman whose acquaintance I had made in the train, said to the gentleman sitting next to him: "Yonder is a smart looking native, who is he?" "Oh!" said the other, "that is Letsea, the King's son." "Indeed," said my friend, "what kind of a man is he?" "A bad lot," said the other. "He is a sly, cunning,

vicious, restless, ambitious fellow. There will be a big trouble when his father dies." "I am sorry to hear that," said my friend. "He does not look such a terrible fellow." "That is the mischief of it," replied the other. "He has very plausible manners which makes him only the more dangerous." I thought to myself, here is a man that speaks with the confidence of personal knowledge. He must have lived in Letsea's village; he not only has a general, but special knowledge of the man. He seems to know his secret thoughts. I am not one to receive such testimony without testing its value. So I took the trouble to find out who this man was. And can you believe it? He was a commercial traveller, just out from England, and coming up country for the first time, and, therefore, knew absolutely nothing first hand. He was simply retailing what he had gathered from hotel gossip.

Next day I gained some first-hand knowledge which is a complete answer to the above mischievous rubbish. While sitting on the verandah of the hotel I had noticed another gentleman whose attitude towards the natives seemed to be very friendly. For I saw him

go across the street and shake hands with the whole party, and talk several minutes with Letsea, and then walk away with one of the party to a refreshment stall within sight, and stand treat with coffee and cakes. Now it so happened that next day this gentleman and I travelled in the same compartment down to Bulawayo. We had to spend the whole day and night together. We, therefore, at once set about knowing each other. After some general conversation, I said: "I noticed at Livingstone yesterday you seemed to know Letsea and his party?" "Yes," he said, "I am a trader in his country, I have been there for five or six years. My head-quarters are near his village. I know both he and his people well." "I have heard," said I, "very conflicting views of Letsea since I have been in the country. I should deem your candid opinion of him a great favour." "Well," he replied, "he is a man and a native; and, therefore, has his faults. But I have always found him a fair-minded, reasonable, and just man; and as a ruler he is splendid. He has greatly improved the general condition of his people during recent years; and he gives warm support to the work

LIVINGSTONE STATION.



LOADING TRAIN AT WANKIE COALFIELDS.

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of the missionaries." "Then," I enquired, "you do not think that Letsea will give trouble, should he survive his father." His answer was prompt and emphatic. "Letsea give trouble! The thing is unthinkable. He is as peaceable and law-abiding as any man in the country, not excepting the administrator himself. There will be no trouble in North-West Rhodesia while the people are treated justly."

I further said to him, "I noticed yesterday that you seemed especially friendly with one of Letsea's followers." "Yes, I have good reason to be. He is one of Letsea's head-men. Some two years ago I fell ill with fever at his village. He and his people nursed me through it, and when I was sufficiently recovered carried me to my own place. I shall never forget their great kindness." "And may I infer that you think well of the people as well as their rulers?" He answered me as it were in the concrete. For he said: "You will see shortly what I think of the people. For I have a grazing farm between this and Wankies; and 400 head of cattle are running there. They are simply in charge of two natives. They make

excellent servants when properly treated. I treat them, and pay them well; and they risk their life for me. Indeed, they often do in defending my cattle against wild beasts." Presently we passed through his farm. Some of the cattle were within sight fat and sleek. And when we stopped at the nearest station, sure enough there was one of his servants to greet his master, report, and receive orders. Just a heathen native, with a loin cloth as his complete dress, and a spear and dog for his defence. Primitive people who can thus honour and repay just treatment are not the people to give trouble while they are treated justly.

And this is the ground of any real uncertainty that may exist with regard to the future. If we could be sure the natives would always be treated justly, then we should feel quite sure there would be no war. But the possibilities of injustice are always present, even when the Government is friendly. While the superior officers are just, and many of them, even generous, it often happens that the subordinates are less scrupulous; and when beyond the ken of their superiors will cuff and abuse the natives. In a Post-

office, which shall be nameless, between Broken Hill and Bulawayo, I saw what is typical of much the natives have to bear. It was English mail dispatch day. There was no one at the counter; and from the sounds that came from adjoining rooms, it was evident all hands were engaged with the mail. It was a very hot day, and the roads were deep in sand; so that when I reached the grateful shade of the office I was glad to lean against the high counter which runs across the office. During the minute or two I was waiting, a native, a Government messenger in uniform, came in with his arms full of letters and papers; and placed them on the counter, with his arms still round them, as if to keep them together. In a few seconds a junior clerk came forward, and caught sight of the attitude of the native. He rushed towards him, and hissed through his teeth: "Take your arms from the counter and stand back." It was not so much what was said, though that was bad enough, as the tone of the voice, and the violence of the movement when the rush was made towards the counter. I promptly left the counter, and stood beside the frightened native as a protest against such

brutal treatment. The young fellow evidently felt the rebuke, for he coloured to the roots of his hair, but said nothing. To some this may seem a very small matter, but it is typical of a general system. Subordinates are generally very young out here. Authority turns their heads; and the poor defenceless natives have to suffer in consequence.

While the above conduct is regrettable, and often much resented by the natives, it is not in itself sufficient to cause war. The natives are a long-suffering, patient people; quietly accepting in their own country, at the hands of strangers, many hard knocks, and much bad treatment. Should it ever become the policy of the Chartered Company to have war, the war will come. History points to the possibility. It has happened before. It would be difficult to find a native war that was not provoked by the aggression or oppression of some Government. The trouble in Natal is a case in point. The Europeans there are in a very small minority. They fear the natives; and instead of trusting them they oppress them. They are following the same policy of repression which the late President Kruger pursued towards the Uitlanders.

While heavily taxed, the people are carefully shut away from all participation in the Government of the country. They may hang Dinizulu and a few of his head-men, but the trouble will still grow until the policy is changed. In the Cape there is no trouble. Why? Because the Government's policy is just. Native education and self-government, are promoted, and, as the people qualify, they are freely admitted to the Franchise. And while the Chartered Company's Policy remains what it is—peaceable and progressive—there will be no war in North-West Rhodesia.

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